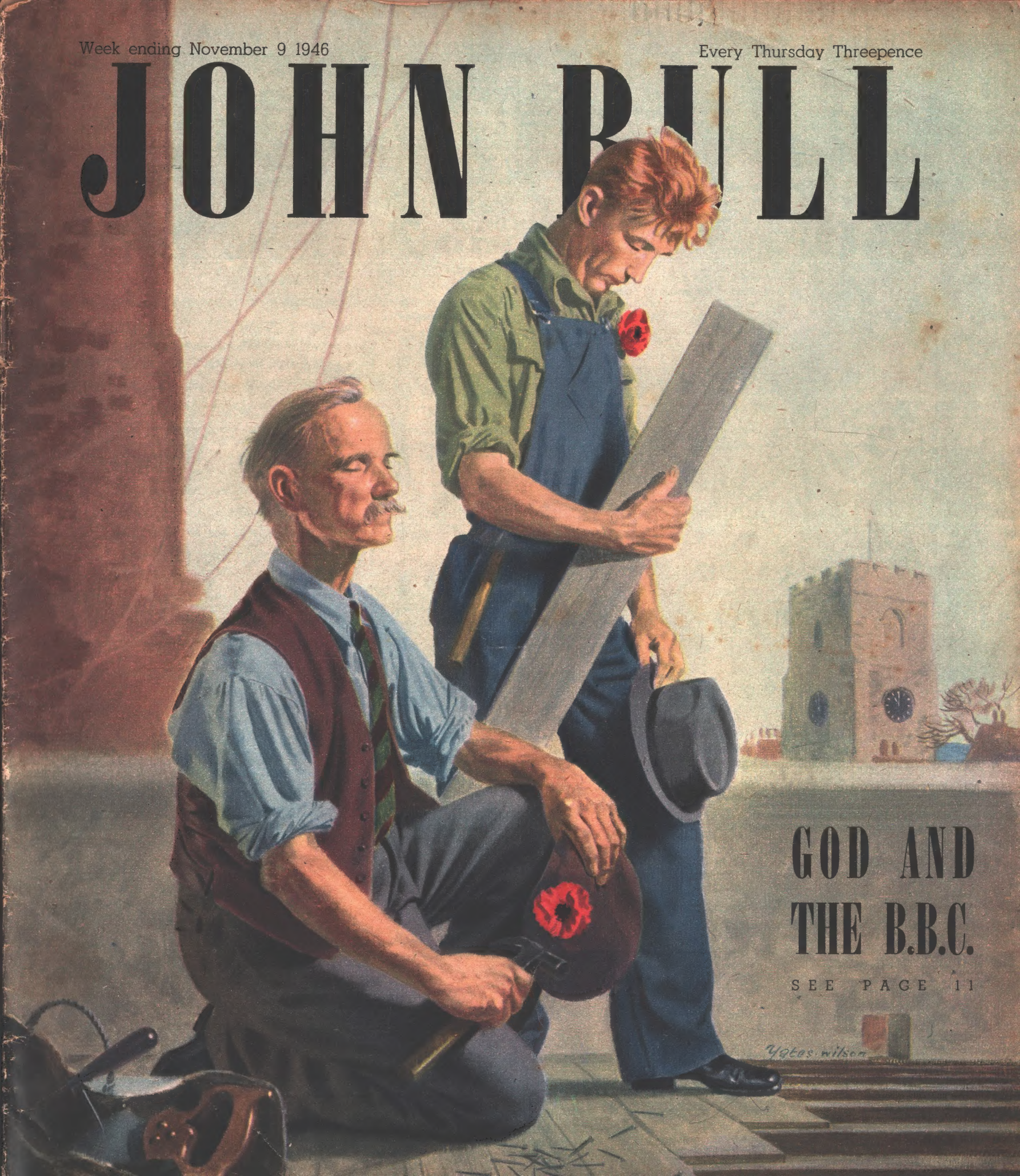
Week ending November 9 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



GOD AND THE B.B.C.

SEE PAGE 11

JET MINDED!

Here's a well paid job for you

The R.A.F. is busy on exciting new developments. If you are alive to progress you will find with them a technical job of extraordinary interest. Training is free. Pay is good. Here is the opportunity for young men between 17½ and 33 with the spirit for adventure, who want to do a real job, and who enjoy sport, travel and the best pals in the world. Post that coupon now.

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under 42, also are needed for the new Bounty Scheme worth £125.

I am interested in *joining/rejoining • (*Strike out word not applicable)

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Royal Air Force

13DL

Use

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THINK IN— STEAD

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USE this Medicinal & Toilet Soap every day for SKIN HEALTH & BEAUTY

Cuticura Soap gives your skin a mild but thorough antiseptic cleansing which clears away blemishes and restores radiant youthful loveliness.

Cuticura SOAP

Dear Fritter Bug,

I've told you before to keep off planned spending. And what do you do? Remember the man in the train reading the car advertisement and your yammering at him "Have it, have it"? Well, he's going to have it. He's saving for it—putting good money into National Savings, which he might otherwise have frittered away.

Your irate father,

Squander Bug

P.S. Your only good job this week was that woman you talked into going up to town—"Just to look at the shops". 17/4d and nothing much to show for it! That's the way—make 'em fritter . . . fritter . . . fritter.

S.B.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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Talk the matter over with your Landlord ★ Ask for our special 'From Tenant to Owner' leaflet ★ We are very willing to help you.

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Chief City Office: National House, Moorgate, E.C.2. Cen. 6525

CVS-142

THE LATHER DOES IT!

OXYDOL

THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP POWDER

3½d. and 7d. *A Class 1 Product*

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HAPPILY Not a Victim to COLDS & CHILLS

Although out and about in all weathers, she's far from careless about her health. She always carries with her a supply of Beecham's Powders which can be taken at any time anywhere. So, should the suggestion of an attack occur, it is promptly checked by immediate resort to one of these wonderful Powders. You'd be wise to do as she does. Beecham's Powders are quickly absorbed and speedy in action. They are equally as effective for Headaches, Nerve Pains, and Rheumatic Twinges.

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Cartons of 6 Powders 1/4d.
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Obtainable also in **Tablet Form 1/4d. per bottle**

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½

The **FINEST BICYCLE BUILT** to-day

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'MASTATIC' *Skyscraper Aerial*

Guaranteed to improve your Radio reception and eliminate man-made interference.....

Specially designed to eliminate all irritating noises which mar full enjoyment of radio, Aerialite "MASTATIC" Aerial is the aerial of the future. Of all-metal construction, the "MASTATIC" is exceptionally strong, easily erected, and sold under money-back guarantee coupled with £200 Lightning Insurance.

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CASTLE WORKS, STALYBRIDGE, CHESHIRE

Specialised makers of Radio and Television Aerials

A RICH DARK FLAKE, FULL FLAVOURED, COOL AND LONG LASTING

MADE BY DOBIES OF PAISLEY

Should a Tool shed tears?

Not, of course, if you look after it properly and protect it from rain and moisture with Pluvex Roof Felt. You can make your toolshed, and other small buildings, completely weatherproof yourself with a roll of Pluvex—it will give years of service and requires no attention. In 12-yard rolls. Standard weight 9/- a roll. Heavy weight 12/6 a roll.

Stocked by Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers everywhere

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A product of
THE RUBEROID CO. LTD.
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It's so easy to buy W.H.S. Library Gift Subscription Cards and to give or post them as Christmas presents to relatives and friends. And how this gift is welcomed, ensuring, as it does, 12 months' reading pleasure for the recipient!

A Library Gift Subscription Card for 12 months' "A" Service costs 20/-; for 12 months' "B" Service, 10/-, plus 4d. for card and envelope. Direct-by-post service at same rates, plus cost of postage.

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1500 BOOKSHOPS AND BOOKSTALLS
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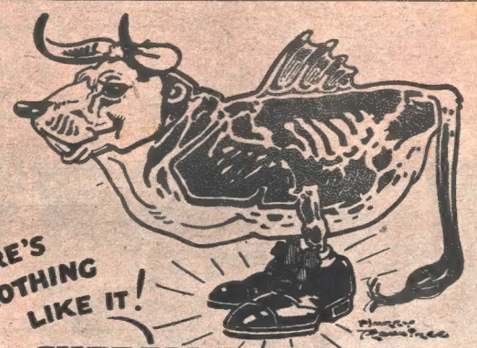
Progress Report

- ***The plans*** *of the omnibus companies for peace-time travel were laid during the war.*
- ***Thousands*** *of new buses have long been on order.*
- ***Deliveries*** *are slow and export demands have first priority.*
- ***This*** *alone retards the industry's present efforts to restore and excel the 1939 standard of service to the Public.*

The British Omnibus Companies Public Relations Committee

BRITISH BUSES

CVS-249



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In Black, Brown & Tonette.
Tins 3ᵖ and 6ᵖ

FOR A BRILLIANT SHOE SHINE

CHISWICK PRODUCTS LTD., LONDON, W.4

46/5

There is no finer toothbrush made — anywhere. It's a quality article in every sense of the word. Clean-cut tufts. Correctly-shaped head — long or short. Fine finish. SPA — a superb toothbrush.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.

Built to give your family's shoes *longer wear* and *greater comfort*. The name Goodyear is your guarantee. Ask your repairer for them.

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SOLES & HEELS

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS GOODYEAR TYRE

For Close-up Charm
Attractive teeth are the secret of a charming smile. If you value your personal appearance, use Kolynos twice a day. Kolynos, the protective toothpaste, penetrating where the brush cannot reach, keeps your teeth sparkling white. From all Chemists and Stores — 1/3 & 2/2 (inc. tax).
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W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. C.C.711B.C.

JOHN BULL

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NOVEMBER 9 1946

VOLUME 80 NUMBER 2108

SHADOW OVER THE CENOTAPH

Too High a Price

IT IS A TERRIBLE thought that, at the very moment when we are united, by the Two Minutes' Silence, in remembering the dead of both the Great Wars, world statesmen will still be striving—sometimes with flashes of hope, but more often with increasing bewilderment and despair—to reach a basis of agreement for keeping the peace in the future.

The long wrangles at the various international conferences have caused great disillusionment. What has gone wrong?

The usual answer is to blame the Russians. They are "intransigent." They are obstinate. They stress the "NO" in UNO. And so on.

But are we sure that everything we have done, and everything the Americans have done, is as open and above-board as we should like the actions of the Russians to be?

It is a good thing, sometimes, to try to see ourselves as others see us.

If we are honest, we have to admit that there are aspects of British and American foreign policy which must appear highly suspicious when viewed through Russian eyes.

We should remember, too, that the retention of the atom bomb has done more to poison international relations than any amount of frank speaking.

Can we blame the wicked Russians for experimenting with V2s while American scientists are developing bigger and "better" bombs in which we ourselves have a side interest?

No, of course we can't. The offer to place the bomb under international control had a poor reception, perhaps because it was hedged around with too many "safeguards." It should be repeated in a less cautious form. The bomb cost the Western Powers a lot of money, but if it is to be the cause of continual international unrest as well, the price is too high.

The choice with which we are faced is not simply between this policy and that policy. It is between one world, united in working for the good of mankind, and two worlds, divided in a scramble for power.

If the East and the West really cannot and will not work together, instead of pulling in opposite directions, then we must resign ourselves to a long war of nerves in which, though actual physical conflict may be avoided, the strain will be great, and resources that should be applied to reconstruction will be squandered on armaments.

Surely, when we look at it in this way, there is really no choice at all. The conflict of interests among the Great Powers cannot be allowed to go on.

No Place for Politics

THE ROYAL COMMISSION on Justices of the Peace, now sitting, has the opportunity to bring about greatly-needed and long-overdue reforms.

J.P.s are amateur magistrates. There are 28,000 of them, and they deal daily in cities and country towns (wherever no stipendiary magistrate sits) with all the multifarious human tragedies and problems which come into the police courts.

An ideal J.P. would have the wisdom of Solomon, the legal knowledge of a first-class solicitor, and the freedom of an angel from sectional interests and prejudices.

Although many J.P.s give devoted service to the cause of justice, far too many are elderly, incompetent and prejudiced. And now a new danger, that of political bias, is creeping into the system of appointment.

In the past, men and women were often put on the Bench as a sort of reward or decoration for other services, or simply because they were local bigwigs. And local bigwigs, especially in country districts, have too much power already, without giving them jurisdiction over their poorer neighbours in the courts.

But now that the property-owners' monopoly of magistracies has been broken, there is no reason for erecting another evil—that of appointing a J.P. because he is either a Socialist or a Conservative.

This tendency must be stopped in time.

We hope that the Royal Commission will advise the Lord Chancellor that magistrates should be selected only from those men of real public spirit who are prepared to do the job for its own sake, and not for political reasons. They should be willing to undergo at least a part-time training for the job. They must be neither too old nor too young, neither deaf nor nearly blind.

To deal out justice is a job for a fit, clear-headed man, who leaves his political ideas outside the court.

By that standard there is vast room for reform among our J.P.s.

Pity the Passenger

WHATEVER THE CONCLUSIONS to be announced by the Committee on Railway Fares and Charges, now considering its report, the travelling public will have some rude riders to add.

Railway managements must do some hard thinking and take quick action if they are to justify, in their customers' eyes, any increase of fares that may be recommended.

During the war, when the railways had a monopoly of transport, civilian passengers suffered serious hardships. Long-distance trains were inhumanly overcrowded and timetables were ignored. Local trains, if not more crowded, were even more erratic in getting people to and from work.

Since the war, the railways have proudly announced improvements, including the restoration of many expresses, and of restaurant cars and other amenities. These are all good "shop-window" attractions.

But the bread-and-butter passengers, the millions of men and women who travel daily by train to and from their work in London and other big cities, have not yet noticed so very many improvements.

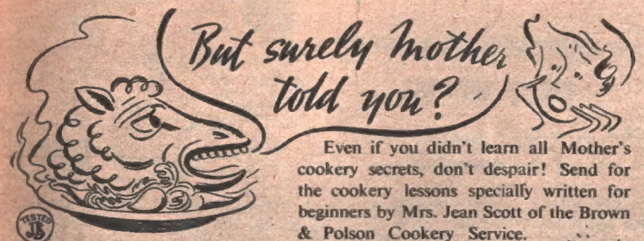
For them, most of our obsolete suburban rail services remain the same slums on wheels which blighted their lives before and during the war.

Discomfort and unpunctuality are the perpetual curse of the third-class season ticket holder, who is the backbone of railway passenger traffic.

If his ticket is to cost more, something drastic must be done for him out of railway revenues—or those revenues will shrink as fast as other means of transport are released.

the cover

Yates Wilson was thinking, not only of the Fallen who gave their lives for their country, but also of the new Britain made possible by their sacrifice when he painted this week's cover. His models were two building-trade workers, and he chose to show them honouring the dead by observing the two minutes' silence, while remembering the needs of the living by keeping on with their priority work, even on Sunday morning. "You know," said the older man, S. Woodley, of Mitcham, Surrey, "we carpenters don't have to change our position much to do a bit of praying, and I'm sure that's the way the lads would like it." Mr. Woodley, a cripple, worked at the Woolwich Arsenal during the first World War. His younger "mate," V. C. Riddle, of Acton, has just been demobbed from the Navy. Between them, they symbolize perfectly the Spirit of the Silence in 1946.



Even if you didn't learn all Mother's cookery secrets, don't despair! Send for the cookery lessons specially written for beginners by Mrs. Jean Scott of the Brown & Polson Cookery Service.

1. Homely Weights and Measures. 2. General CookeryProcesses. 3. Vegetable Cookery. 4. Milk Puddings. 5. Fish Cookery. Write now — Mrs. Jean Scott, Brown & Polson Cookery Service, Dept.20C., 20, Stratford Place, London, W.1, enclosing 2½ stamp.

BROWN & POLSON CORNFLOUR

makes good cooking even better

The demand for Cornflour—plain and flavoured—still exceeds supply, so don't blame your grocer if he is out of stock.

Yours for good coffee

'CAMP'

FULL STRENGTH —FINE FLAVOUR

Goodness me,

they've put a new label on our Nestlé's Milk! Yes, but only the label is changed. The milk itself is still and always will be goodness itself; milk at its purest, richest and creamiest best.

I spy... Vitacup!

"For me and my Mum." Vitacup is a nourishing, sustaining drink, temptingly chocolate flavoured.

Only **10d.** *a tin*

Coleman and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich

When you're so fed-up you could throw things—what you need is to relax with a nice hot cup of Rowntree's Cocoa. There's nothing like it to soothe and comfort your nerves.

Rowntree's Cocoa—Grateful and Comforting

¼ lb. 5½d.; ½ lb. 10d.; 1 lb. 1/7d.

After exercise, restore energy with biscuits—they are chock full of nourishment. Biscuits provide nourishment without waste—no-one wastes biscuits. They *keep*, and keep you going.

BISCUITS

keep you going

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS-153

When "Golden Shred" reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that The World's Best Marmalade is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.

There's **HEALTH** *in every helping!*

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., WELwyn GARden City, Herts.

By Appointment Cyder Makers to H.M. KING GEORGE VI H.M. QUEEN MARY
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Gaymer's CYDER

The First Name and the last word in Cyder

FAMOUS FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS

VESTA JB

When you can buy

EVAPORATED MILK

freely again...

SAYS THE WESTMORLAND DAIRY COW

LOOK TO

Libby's

FOR PERFECTION

Returning some day soon: Libby's Evaporated Milk, Fruits and Juices, Asparagus, Alaska Salmon, Corned Beef, Homogenized Vegetables for Babies . . . and all Libby's 100 Famous Foods!

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LIMITED

VESTA JB

To quicken recovery after illness

the patient's metabolism must be speeded up

"Metabolism" is the scientific name for processes constantly going on in our bodies—the breakdown of food by digestion and the absorption of the nutrients to replace energy.

During illness the metabolic rate is lowered, and it must be speeded up before the patient can get back strength. The trouble in most cases is that the patient doesn't feel like eating, yet food is what is needed to raise the metabolism. Doctors advise easily digested soups and meat extracts and, of these, Brand's Essence has been found, as a result of clinical tests, to be outstandingly successful in raising metabolism.

Brand's Essence has an immediate stimulating effect. Once the "turn" is reached and appetite returns, complete recovery is not far off. Brand's Essence costs 3/- a bottle.

VESTA JB

BRAND'S ESSENCE

VACUUMS FOR SALE

Don't be rushed into buying a second-best

With the Hoover being allocated to Hoover dealers all over the country as fast as it can be made, don't be rushed into buying a second best! Have a little patience and buy the World's Best Cleaner. No millionaire can buy a better. You'll be glad you waited, since today's Hoover Cleaner is higher in quality than pre-war, but not in price! Purchase Tax, of course, is extra.

HOOVER LTD

PERIVALE · GREENFORD · MIDDLESEX

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but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

We *don't* keep Nescafé up our sleeve. It's just that supplies can't keep pace with ever-growing demand. But it may be *your* turn soon. And then, a spoonful in the cup, near-boiling water, and hey presto! A quick cup of fragrant full-flavoured coffee. No bother to make, no bothersome grounds. Just enjoyment of a *good* cup of coffee.

NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
composed of coffee solids, with dextrins, maltose and dextrose, added to retain the aroma.

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

17 VESTA JB

"You need so little PURITAN SOAP to get a lot of lather"

VESTA JB

PU 66-943 CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

FOR CLEANING THE BATH

USE A LITTLE

Gumption

SMOOTH PASTE CLEANSER

CONTAINS *Glycerine* TO KEEP HANDS SOFT

ALSO FOR

COOKERS, TILES, PAINT, POTS & PANS ETC.

1/- & 2/-

VESTA JB

GUMPTION PRODUCTS LTD., MELLIER HOUSE, ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

VESTA JB

SPA

LOW MELTING POINT

GELATINE

GUARANTEED PURE FOOD

is more help in good cooking than almost anything since Mrs. Beeton wrote her Cookery Book.* Mrs. Beeton would have loved "Spa," which goes well with so many foods and "steps up" their value. And she would have given full marks to the special "Spa" recipe book, available at 2d. from most retailers, or from address below.

"Spa" is 1/- per ½ lb. See that you are served from the "Spa" tin.

** Before Mrs. Beeton's day, good cooking was the privilege of the rich. Her book taught women-folk how to eat well on a modest purse. She died (in 1865) at the early age of 28, but the work she started has continued ever since.*

B. YOUNG & CO. LTD.
2 "SPA" WORKS, GRANGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

Angela Mary **COMES FROM ANGLESEY**

Dream island of blazing golden gorse and bright-eyed women. Angela washes all her dainty things in Sylvan — but most of all her woollies. Experience has taught her that Sylvan, because it contains no soda, keeps them fleecy and soft as the white clouds floating in the Anglesey sky.

Pure white Sylvan suds in a second into rich lasting lather. That means less handling, which means your precious clothes last longer. *Sylvan is now sold loose.*

SYLVAN

VESTA JB **PURE WHITE FLAKES**

best of all for dainty washing

THIS WEEK'S FLOORCAST

A wedge of high polish centred over Yorkshire is spreading to all areas. Further outlook—Sunny conditions to last now Mother has a tin of—

The good Polish that lasts

Estd 100 years

JOHN BULL GIVES YOU

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE SILENCE

ARMISTICE DAY THIS YEAR has a special significance. At the ceremony in Whitehall on Sunday the King will unveil the dates "1939-1945" which have been inscribed on the Cenotaph so that it may serve as a national memorial to the dead of both Great Wars.

As the clock strikes eleven on this historic occasion, most of us, wherever we may be at the time, will try to dedicate our thoughts to the lost friends and comrades—indeed, to all the Fallen—whose sacrifice the two minutes' silence commemorates.

Even to those accustomed to silent prayer, this concentration of our thoughts doesn't always come too easily. There is too much to remember, and personal emotion may easily be too strong.

I have therefore asked a great churchman to give us a suggestion of the way in which we might fill the silence mentally. The "thoughts" he has sent me are not intended as set prayers and are not, of course, in any way denominational.

I hope you may feel, as I do, that they will be helpful in giving our thoughts direction and purpose at this solemn moment.

THE EDITOR

Dean of Westminster since 1945, the Rev. Canon A. C. Don, M.A., D.D., was Provost of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1921 to 1931. He was made a Chaplain to the King in 1934 and appointed Chaplain to the House of Commons two years later, in 1936

by THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

Here remembrance is sterile; remembrance that prompts new resolve is creative. God, help me for their sakes to be a peace-maker.

They died to make peace possible. God, help me so to live as to make peace a reality in my home, my country, and throughout the world.

As war is the penalty of man's disobedience to the laws of God, so peace is the prize of man's obedience. God, help me to obey.

They died for others. Am I living only for myself? Lord, make me more worthy of them.

Remember St. Paul's words to the Philippians: Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report, think on these things.

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (2)

THE YEOMEN AND THE PLANNERS

John Bull's Special Correspondent continues his search for "tomorrow." This week he visits a market town for a totally different picture of the new Britain in the making

by GORDON BECKLES

I WENT TO MARYLEBONE STATION in London and bought a ticket for Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire. It cost me 6s. 4d.

Why had I chosen Aylesbury for the second leg of my search for the shape of tomorrow? Well, I argued, why *not* Aylesbury?

It was, as I remembered it, one of those county towns that are the heart (and pride) of England. About forty miles from a London that has been greedily consuming green spaces for over a quarter of a century, and shows no sign of having sated its appetite.

When the train emerged into an area of green fields and grazing cattle, studded here and there with residential belts, I remembered that one Sunday, after the first World War, I had cycled out in this direction to Amersham; it was something of an exploit, I had thought, in those days before popular motoring.

Now, a guide book told me: "The journey can be accomplished in forty-eight minutes." I daresay it can. My journey took longer. We crossed the Chilterns, came out into the pleasant lowlands of the Vale of Aylesbury and drew into Aylesbury 104 minutes after leaving Marylebone.

★ ★ ★

It was market day. Nothing like a market day for judging the temperature of a county town.

Farmers with bundles of pound notes stuffed in their riding breeches, and very jovial (for the pubs used to be open all day) . . . general excitement . . . you are apt to have a shorthorn bull peering in through the saloon-bar window, or find your car surrounded by a great herd of cattle in charge of a farmer's ten-year-old daughter.

Such, at least, is the traditional picture. It seems to be passing, and it was in noting the change that I stumbled on my first clue to the Aylesbury of tomorrow.

Now the county of Bucks has a very odd shape, if you can call it a shape; it looks, on the map, like a deflated football punctured in several places. Before the war it was given over mostly to dairy farming. About twenty per cent was arable, the rest—with a little horticulture—raised cattle and produced milk.

All that is changed now. Over half the land is arable.

And the farmer has changed, too. I talked to one of the town worthies sitting in the bay window of a pub sipping his beer from a tankard.

"Farmer doesn't need to come into market nowadays," he said. "Apart from the beer being no good and so little of it . . . thank you kindly, a half of wallop . . . he may be too busy, too, being short-handed, and handling the cattle is just a matter of grading by the auth-or-ities. It's all done for him by the Govn'ment."

A man by the bar spoke.

"And it doesn't give a butcher a chance to be clever-like with his knife. He just has to cut where he is told. . . ."

"Yes, yes," said the older man with something like a sigh. "I daresay it's all better nowadays, but 'taint so much fun as in the old days."

Changing Face of the Market

I looked out of the window at the market place, and went exploring. Aylesbury market place—so like a hundred others up and down the country, and pleasanter than many—still has its market stalls. What were they selling?

There were some local flowers and vegetables, but most of the stalls were selling clothing and gimcracks brought from cars parked nearby by men with the air of Petticoat Lane heavy about them.

The changing face of the English market place!

I thought again of the map of Bucks, its illogical shapes, its thousands of twisting lines of hedgerows that parcel the county into a thousand more illogical shapes drawn centuries ago before there were such things as committees, officials, red tape and grading. And I wondered whether the future would ever see "collective farms," all very rectangular and efficient; or would it see no farms at all, but a great new series of towns spread across the county?

I went to talk to the man with a plan. He didn't have a plan at all, as it turned out.

But he opened a drawer and handed me a letter received a few days before from the offices of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

"Dear Sir, I am directed by the Minister . . . has come to the conclusion that Aylesbury is suitable for expansion to meet needs of decentralization from central areas of London . . . it is considered that an ultimate population of 45,000 is appropriate for the expanded town . . . you should put in hand preparation of a plan consonant etc., etc., etc. . . . your obedient servant."

"A fateful document," I said. He nodded.

"We thought it was coming," he said. "Three years ago we engaged a well-known town-planning expert to prepare a report and make suggestions. I have it here, but it cannot be made public."

★ ★ ★

I asked him about Aylesbury's population.

"It was about 13,000 before the war," he told me. "Then when the blitz began we were swollen to as much as 27,000; today Aylesbury is around 18,000. So you see that we have experienced some violent fluctuations already . . . but we have a nightmare. We have been fearful that we might be turned into a Slough. Well, one doesn't mean to be rude to a neighbour, but just *look* at Slough and what the years after 1918 did for it. It has infected nearly every part of the county—that ragged dump-like area that has been allowed to grow up anyhow."

Definitely, quite definitely, Aylesbury doesn't want to become another Slough. Fate of that ill-exploited brother town in Buckinghamshire casts its shadow over Aylesbury Council when they are deliberating their own development plans. Aylesbury's expansion, declares Alderman Mrs. Paterson, Deputy Mayor, guardedly, must be a gradual, slow and balanced growth.

"Those places which have suffered are those

hoped someone had told the P.O.W.s something of that great man.

And I wonder what John Wilkes, the man who devoted his genius to satirizing faults of his day, would have to say about the committee incubus. Local schoolchildren learn of Wilkes first as Aylesbury's M.P. in the Parliaments of 1757 and 1761, and only secondarily of his struggle for full Press freedom in Britain.

★ ★ ★

I listened to two old fellows telling of youths they had just heard sentenced to birching and imprisonment at the local assizes for robbery with violence.

"Ought to have had the cat," said one.

"Ought to have been slippered when they were youngsters," said the other. "They're all over the place nowadays, young fellows that haven't been slippered and don't know how to behave."

"Their fathers were away at the war."

"Those two boys have been in prison already . . . at *their* age!"

Here is a problem for today—and tomorrow.

★ ★ ★

I talked to the landlord of the fifteenth-century inn where I lodged, a raftered specimen with twisting passages and low ceilings, windows looking out on mossed roofs and clinging ivy.

It was the kind of place over which Americans rhapsodize—and quite rightly, too!

The landlord told me his tale.

"I've only been here a few years," he began. "But I met a great many American soldiers during the war and I know from what they said that there is a great future for inns, and towns, like this—even if I didn't know it anyway, from common sense.

"This hotel only has a few rooms, but at the back there is a loft space over the banqueting hall. I decided that I could build at least six rooms there. So I applied for a licence."

"'Oh, no,' I was told 'You can't have a licence for anything like that; hotels are luxuries.' I pointed out that half my guests are sometimes red-tape merchants on the prowl. I persisted, and finally, after a lot of rudeness on each side, I got a permit to spend £300 odd.

"I collected some old doors and cupboards, timber I found at the back; and I've got the rooms built in. Then I found that I could buy washbasins without a permit, and did so—six of 'em. I installed them. Meantime, I found that I had not spent all the money I was allowed in actually building the rooms.

"Then the row began. I've been threatened; I can't make out why. They won't let me connect the basins with the water supply. An official had the cheek to say, 'Why should you have running hot and cold water in a bedroom . . . couldn't a man shave in the bathroom like the rest of us?'

"Would you believe it?" asked the landlord.

I said that I could perfectly well believe it.

"Then there is the boiler. For months I have been fearing that one would go up suddenly. I've got a permit at last, but the other one may go, in which case I am going to close the hotel and hang a sign outside telling just what has happened.

"I could sell this site to a chain store for a great deal of money. I don't make much money here; fortunately, I don't have to. I've made it already. Last year I made exactly £231 after my taxes were paid. That is about what my kitchen porter gets.

"We're told there is £100 million a year in the tourist industry!" exploded the victim of this modern "Innkeeper's Tale" and went on: "To cap it all, I'm getting the twenty per cent rebate on my war-time Excess Profits Tax—which must be spent in developing my business!"

That Aylesbury innkeeper's problem is—in very fine focus—the dual national problem of making life generally pleasant in Britain and attracting tourists to it.

I could see no tomorrow for the tourist industry (which is to pay off that American loan) if this is the usual official attitude.

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Next morning, with a radiant autumn sun making the Georgian face of Aylesbury glow, I came upon promise of a happier tomorrow.

Down in the pens of the cattle market the aristocracy of Bucks was assembled: Lady Coralstone, Hillesden Dolly and Daisy, Victoria, Whoops Tommy and the Tunfield President. It was at a show and sale of "Tuberculin Tested" cattle and they were all there; and anything less like a "Buttercup" than the great roan shorthorn which owned the name I could not imagine.

Here is the real England! The England that has sent its pedigree cattle strains all over the globe.

I talked to some of the farmers assembled for the show. Most of them move slowly, with some manner of bovine gesture that comes from long association with cattle.

We talked of the progress of this great movement to make the milk of the nation better.

"It's growing, you know," said the farmer. "And the war didn't stop it, either. But it's not growing as fast as it might.

A Matter of Permits

"Farmers, you see, who want to get cleaner herds and get the premium paid for 'T.T.' milk—as much as fourpence a gallon—have got to have the right sort of premises, and get them approved before they are allowed the permit.

"And to get new premises you have to build, and to build you have to get a permit. . . ."

And the farmer's tale then took the "House that Jack Built" twist that characterizes so much of today.

★ ★ ★

Aylesbury has a quiet charm that acts—or should do—as a sedative on those who think of tomorrow as some manner of scientific absolutism.

Around St. Mary's Church, which dominates this town built on a hill, are streets so perfectly in period that it is almost a shock to see people dressed in clothes of the twentieth and not of the eighteenth century. Down in the shopping districts, Aylesbury has already a taste of the spreading tide of chain-store ugliness which has done so much to despoil rural England. But on the whole, it is a town

Continued on page 18

Market day is still the key day and the inn still the central meeting place. "There's a great future for inns," said the landlord

Implicit in this unchanging scene of a cattle sale is an important aspect of tomorrow—better milk. It's a problem overlapping others

Beckles watches as Aylesbury builds. "A population of 45,000 is considered appropriate for the expanded town," says the Ministry of Town and Country Planning

Private View of Herbert Morr

MAN WITH A GOAL

MAYBE I WASN'T BORN TO RULE but I've got used to it," Herbert Stanley Morrison once confessed, then went on acquiring power until he stands today the motive force in home politics: Lord President of the Council, Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons.

Stocky, vital, forthright, he finds perhaps his greatest strength in a thirst for responsibility; and this thirst for responsibility has an origin which is the key to both character and career: Herbert Morrison acquired in his childhood a chronic inferiority complex, which he is still fighting. There's a likeness to Bevin here.

His intimates understand—that's why they forgive. When he gets unduly "bossish," when he becomes unbearably truculent, when he fumbles and cannot find the wrath-turning soft answer, they recognize the overlay of toughness which hides a psychological difficulty.

That explains both his past and his present. It may be the canalizing force of his future—if he yields to the temptation to mistake authoritarianism for responsibility.

It all derives from two experiences which, encountered during the most impressionable years of character-forming childhood, left scars on mind and body: poverty and a crippling accident.

For the first half of his life he felt his early background as such a handicap that now he never lets anyone forget it—especially himself.

Deepening the complex is the result of a childhood accident. He was three days old; he lost his right eye.

To his sensitive reaction to poverty was added the physical handicap of not being able to play the games the other boys played.

This isolation drove him into himself. It drove him to books. It drove him to self-assertion. Isolation, reading and self-assertion found their outlet in Socialist agitation.

He never talks about his facial disfigurement: it might be better for him if he did. Consciousness of it is dammed up within him.

But he fights his complex with the political activity of responsibility.

HE was the youngest of seven children and was sent to a Lambeth council school which he quit at fourteen to work, first as errand boy in his brother Henry's grocery shop, then as shop assistant and then as a telephone operator in a brewery.

From an early age an avid reader, Morrison's tastes led him from penny dreadfuls to the literary experiments of the Fabian Socialists, Shaw, the Webbs, and from them to Marx and Engels.

He was thrilled and expounded the new doctrine from a soap-box in Brockwell Park ("Where I had a hard and sometimes disappointing apprenticeship in the art") and at Rushcroft Road, opposite the town hall, then known as Ardville Road.

One day, his father, P.C. Morrison, a God-fearing Tory, found a postcard addressed to his son. It began, "Dear Comrade," and ended "Yours fraternally." Indignantly he threw it into the fire and young Herbert reproved him. "Dad," he said, "I'm not going to cause trouble in the home so I'll go and live elsewhere and visit you on Sunday mornings."

At twenty-seven he became part-time secretary of the London Labour Party on a salary of £1 a week.

At thirty-two, Hackney made him London's youngest mayor, the only Labourite on a very Conservative council. Fourteen years later he had control of London's government though the rest of the country remained strongly Conservative.

During his six years as Leader of the Labour group on the L.C.C. Morrison made it a model of progressive local government. He tore down slums, halted the sprawling growth of suburbs with a green belt of trees, made parks, playing fields, swimming pools, gymnasiums and workers' houses—with bathrooms.

It was said of him, "He would gladly die at the barricades to defend the sewerage system of London."

Those who have worked alongside him learned that he has one overriding mannerism which, in itself, is a virtue: "Let's make it tidy," he says. Always, Morrison conducts affairs tidily—step by step; from one stage to its logical progression.

So, too, with his life. He planned his career. He worked at its logical developments. He left no loose ends. He has kept it tidy.

FOR him, the goal had to be plainly erected. Then the surest route to it had to be charted. Then the journey; then the accomplishment. Years of local office were steps and stages along the route on which he had set his feet. He was intelligently conscious of his next move and deliberately made it. He gained London eminence; to gain national status in the Labour Party he must get on its policy-making Executive.

He knew how to do that. He set the example which first Shinwell, then Bevan followed—criticism of the Executive from the floor of successive National Conferences until the moment was reached when simultaneously, the Executive said: "Come inside" and the conference said: "Put him inside."

His political future was under-written. Once he almost kicked the ball from his own feet. That was in 1931 when he was Minister of Transport in the second Labour Government and MacDonald quit. MacDonald took several Labour men with him and Morrison almost went, too. It was a touch-and-go crisis that lasted forty-eight hours but Morrison's intrinsic political wisdom took him into the wilderness whose extremely fertile acreage ended at the gates of the Promised Land which, nine years later, were flung open to him.

In March, 1940, a House crowded with anxious men listened to the searing criticism of a speaker from the Labour Opposition Front Bench. It was Morrison and he was attacking the Ministry of Supply for lack of system and an almost frivolous lack of foresight.

Three months later the critic was in control of the Ministry he had criticized. The effect was a sudden spurt forward. Men were mobilized, bottlenecks broken. The nation *went to it*.

Morrison's next appointment was to the Home Office and Ministry of Home Security. The blitz had started. M.P.s said, "Morrison ought to deal with this." The Prime Minister thought so, too, and Morrison left his Ministry of Supply.

"He fixes his goal, moving towards it step by step, and they say his eye is on 10 Downing Street"

His first move was to arm London policemen and order 1,750,000 bunks for A.R.P. shelters. He became chairman of the blitz team, he evolved the "Morrison" shelter and cut a Gordian knot of red tape to fuse 1,054 separate fire brigades into a single National Fire Service of 350,000 men and women with standardized equipment.

At the Home Office, Morrison's actions with regard to aliens and 18B detainees were criticized as too lenient; some declared that, for a "conchie" of the last war, they were too ruthless.

That "conchie" jibe is unfair and it should be reckoned to the balance side of his account that Morrison has never bothered to explode it.

He certainly was a C.O. in the first World War and it was a sincere conscientious objection. That war was, in his opinion, an imperialist affair, a bloody scramble for power between the top nations. It seemed that way to a lot of people who reached a very different interpretation of the later war, with its all-embracing ideological purpose.

And so in 1914 he refused to fight—although his refusal was so unnecessary as to be a spiritual gesture. He refused to exercise his right to exemption on the grounds of physical unfitness and instead used the conscientious argument solely to conform with what seemed to him a correct view of that war.

Morrison shares with Bevin a massive blind-spot: he is so anti-Communist that even when the extreme Left are right they're wrong. In his case, as in the case of the Foreign Secretary, it is really a personal matter: both men include in the fabric of their characters the stuff of which dictators are made. The close control which the Communists exercise over their spokesmen is anathema to this instinct for personal responsibility.

There could not be the "dictatorship of the proletariat" and a free hand for Morrison in the same country. Not that Morrison is above using Communist assistance. In the last election, when he left South Hackney for East Lewisham, his old Hackney

(Continued on page 12)

GOD AND THE B.B.C.

by HILDE MARCHANT

Religious broadcasts reach an audience of millions, many of whom are probably not churchgoers. The new policy is to "dramatize" religion and allow frank discussion

NEARLY TEN MILLION PEOPLE listen to some kind of religious broadcast during the week.

On the two main programmes which give listeners a continuous run of seventeen and a half hours a day, the weekly time taken up by religious subjects of all kinds is seven hours twenty-five minutes.

The B.B.C. has received no complaints that this is excessive. On the contrary, the complaints are all from listeners asking for more instructive and controversial talks.

The clergy, who at first were nervous lest home listening emptied their churches, now give their fullest support to the B.B.C. They find that broadcasting has stimulated interest in the Church, in the same way as the broadcasting of symphony concerts has created a new and bigger audience for the concert halls.

During the war the listening value of the B.B.C.'s religious broadcasts increased. Now it is felt that this new interest can be held by presenting religion as a living, even entertaining part of our daily lives.

The control of some of the B.B.C.'s religious programmes has recently been switched from the talks department to the entertainment section. You may not agree with that. You may say that these religious programmes are stodgy and dull and anything but entertaining. Or you may think that religious broadcasting should be presented strictly according to church traditions.

But the new tendency to give more variety to religious programmes already means less time for straight religious broadcasts and more time for short programmes of varied and dramatized religion on weekdays. These are in the form of plays, discussions, concerts and even debates between clergy and men of agnostic belief.

Value of Drama

The B.B.C. intends to extend this form of presentation, even to the point of dramatizing the services themselves.

There are two obvious public reactions to this. There will be some who will consider it a subtle means of forcing religion on the listening public.

There will be those who will resent any deviation from the formula and atmosphere of a church service. In other words, those who prefer to take their religion neat.

But the B.B.C. is convinced of the listening value of a religious drama such as Dorothy Sayers's life of Christ in play form, *A Man Born to be King*. The clergy had definite evidence that it stimulated interest in religion, to the point of bringing newcomers into their churches.

Largely responsible for the new policy is Dr. James William Welch, who for nearly eight years has been the Director of Religious Broadcasting. He is leaving at the end of the year, for his term of office has been a strenuous one. During the war he never failed to produce the programmes promised. Even when the studio church was blitzed his emergency arrangements kept the continuity going.

What happens at a typical studio service?

There are no special religious decorations and the studio may have been taken over from a variety concert or a jazz band. The choir sits four on either side of a table which holds the microphone. The conductor sits at one end and Dr. Welch, in the role of producer, at the other.

They sit throughout the service, even when singing the Lord's Prayer. Bowed heads or kneeling would affect the tone value of the production.

The announcer does not take part in the service and members of the staff do not often attend. It is, in fact, like any other studio production and, apart from the words relayed, would look like a rather orderly Brains Trust.

There are, of course, outside churches such as St. Martin-in-the-Fields, permanently wired for broadcasting services. When other churches are used, the engineers spend days wiring and adjusting microphones to make the best of acoustics which are usually bad.

Time apportioned to the denominations is carefully worked out to offend no one. Fifty per cent of the time is devoted to Anglican services; the other fifty per cent divided equally between Roman Catholic and Free Church. There are four talks a year on special Jewish festivals.

"There is no censorship in the negative sense of the word," Dr. Welch told me, "although we do not allow open and overt attacks on the Christian religion. I usually ask to see a clergyman's script before he broadcasts, because in some cases I can help him present his theme. Also it prevents monotony and I can suggest a variety of subjects."

There is no ban on atheists or agnostics. Several disbelievers have taken part in Brains Trusts or discussions without any interference from Dr. Welch's department. He believes in broad discussion of the Church's position in everyday life.

"We can provide an aspect of religion which the churches cannot supply. That is why I am keen on developing more and shorter religious broadcasts on weekdays and have cut down the Sunday broadcasts. And of course we can present a greater variety in such things as drama and music—a very real aspect of religion."

Stimulating the Imagination

He estimates that about two million adults listen to the daily service at 10.15 a.m. The half-hourly talks attract well over six million listeners. On the basis of such figures, he justifies his policy of cutting down the straight services.

The children's services and talks have been one of the outstanding successes. The programme is dramatized and put into story form so that the children have a sense of sharing in the whole performance. In many elementary schools prayers are said aloud, following the voice of the broadcaster. An audience of about two million children is reached every week.

Dr. Welch added: "This is a war-time development and has been a remarkably successful one. School halls all over the country are packed for these broadcasts and, by a simple form, we can stimulate a child's imagination and interest in the Bible and its stories."

Dr. Welch has received many thousands of very moving letters from people in lonely and isolated places for whom the B.B.C. is the only church.

"The spiritual lives of these people and of the crippled, blind or bedridden, depend on the radio. It is a source of great comfort to them, this possibility of keeping in touch with the Church through our programmes. In war-time, soldiers in isolated posts constantly expressed their thanks.

"And we still get letters from all over the world, from missionaries, medical workers and civil servants who are hundreds of miles away from a church. It is one of the special functions of radio and one which the organized Church could not hope to fulfil."

For such a vast audience and for such a variety of productions, the religious broadcasting department is remarkably small. There is the director,

The Rev. Prebendary J. W. Welch, B.B.C. Director of Religious Broadcasting for eight years, has plans for widening the scope of the broadcasts

When a studio service is being broadcast, the choir sits four on either side of a table. The conductor is at one end and Doctor Welch is at the other

the assistant director, and two religious broadcasting assistants, all ordained. Regions have their own small producing staffs.

Is the B.B.C. "choking the public with religion?" Dr. Welch has a forthright reply.

I raised the point, recently made, that listeners must hear at least part of the feature *Lift Up Your Hearts* if they don't want to risk missing the eight o'clock news.

"Nonsense," he said. "The weather report intervenes. It is the immediate feature before the early news. But surely the point is this. There are two programmes for the listening public to choose from. On the light programme there is only one hour twenty minutes a week given over to our department.

"Our time is by no means excessive—only a very small percentage of the full listening time. And we do maintain a very steady listening value, which shows that the programmes are needed by several million people every week."

Religious broadcasts rest on their entertainment value even more in the new Third Programme than in either of the other two. In this, religious contributions are considered on their own merit and there is no fixed time allotment for the subject. The only straight service broadcasts will be those specially prepared for the celebration of outstanding Christian festivals. There have been talks by theologians such as Dr. Van Dusen or Dr. Carl Barth. There will be feature programmes on religious themes and concerts of music.

But Mr. George Barnes, the director of the new programme, has a completely free hand so far as his judgment on the listening value of religion is concerned. If he found that a series of discussions on a religious theme failed to attract listeners, then he could replace the time with a new production.

The B.B.C., like most public bodies, relies to a certain extent on the letters which its customers send in. This analysis of reaction is specially important in the religious department, for people write to the director with extreme frankness.

The report is generously in favour of Dr. Welch's department. He showed me its graph of steadily increasing interest.

Part of Our Life

"I have no hesitation in saying that our audience has not only increased in size but has also become a regular and highly personalized one," he said. "We have requests for more time and more programmes than we feel prepared to give. This may indicate a tendency to return to spiritual values which at one time seemed to become obscure.

"It could be regarded as a tribute to our work. But on the whole I think our general policy of variety and entertainment in religion is being rewarded not only in home church attendances but in the overall interest people are now paying to religion as a factor in their daily lives. That was what I tried to do. Our department will continue on those lines when I leave."

That is the B.B.C.'s case. You as a listener may have other ideas. But there *is* no compulsion about listening. There *is* always an alternative to the church service.

With sound detachment, the B.B.C. tries to supply all faiths and all sections of the community with a moment of religion which will appeal to them.

This could easily be regarded as enticement, as Church propaganda. But the strong draw of the religious broadcasting department shows there is a need and a surprisingly large audience for such programmes. It is justified when the research bureau reports that six million people listened to one half-hour's discussion.

The department is now considered a worthy branch of the entertainments section. A blasphemous classification? Or a pointer to the churches themselves?

In any case, as Dr. Welch pointed out, you can always switch the radio off, but you can't walk out of the front row of the congregation.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT COINS

OUR SILVER COINS are to be replaced by utility ones of cupro-nickel—an alloy of three parts copper and one part nickel. The news has been received with resignation by the British public. We are traditionally conservative in coinage matters.

★ ★ ★

The latest newcomer, the yellow twelve-sided threepenny bit, was coldly received when it was first introduced in the Coronation year of 1937. The public are now using it widely—partly because it was issued in vast quantities during the war in place of pennies. Although termed "nickel," this coin in fact contains 1 per cent nickel, 99 per cent brass.

★ ★ ★

The two-shilling piece was first minted in 1849 as a concession to the advocates of a decimal coinage. The earlier issues were inscribed "One florin, one tenth of a pound." A mistake occurred in the first florin issued. The "D.G." (*Dei Gratia*) was omitted from the Queen's titles and the offending piece came to be known as the "Godless florin."

★ ★ ★

After the introduction of the florin doubts were expressed whether the half-crown was still needed. For some years its issue was suspended. Today the two coins circulate in about equal numbers, although during the late war there was a marked increase in the striking of florins—due, it is said, to their use on Service pay days.

★ ★ ★

An innovation was made in the shillings of the present reign. Two different designs for the "tail" were authorized. One is the King's English crest and the other, as a compliment to our Scottish Queen, is the royal crest for Scotland. Both types of coin are legal tender throughout the United Kingdom.

★ ★ ★

The five-shilling piece, a magnificent coin, has had a chequered career. In Victorian days it was widely used in wage payments, but after 1902, the Coronation year of Edward VII, its issue was suspended until 1927. In the Silver Jubilee year, 1935, and Coronation year, 1937, very large quantities were in demand as souvenirs.

★ ★ ★

Public interest soon waned and the crowns, unwanted, drifted back to the banks. None has been struck since 1937. During the war the demand again sprang up—chiefly from American soldiers, and all available supplies have been absorbed. Even the Bank of England and the Royal Mint have none left.

★ ★ ★

Our bronze coins were increased in 1860 to replace the cumbersome copper ones previously in circulation. Of all coins the penny is easily the most popular. Since 1860 over 2,000 million have been struck. Were these still in existence there would be over fifty for every man, woman and child in the country. But hundreds of millions seem to have vanished. The fate of those pennies is one of our unsolved mysteries.

★ ★ ★

No one seems to like the farthing, yet very large quantities are issued. About 200,000,000 were issued during the war, partly because an odd farthing so often figured in prices of food.

★ ★ ★

Pennies struck in 1864 are reputed to contain gold. One story is that a disgruntled servant of the Mint, who was under notice, popped some ingots of gold into the copper cauldron. The resultant coins were, it was said, withdrawn from circulation by the discerning—hence their rarity. Well, 1864 pennies are fairly rare.

PRIVATE VIEW OF HERBERT MORRISON

Continued from page 10

comrades asked him to send a message denouncing the Communists.

"Not on your life," was his astute reaction. "They're very good to me here. I'm not going to start them fighting me during this election."

Morrison is not Lord President of the Council by accident. He wanted that job. He wanted it because he realized, as has never been realized before, that it was a position so poised that only that of the Premiership was superior. This is what he has made of it:

He is deputy Prime Minister. He is co-ordinating minister of all other ministerial departments. He is chairman of all Cabinet committees, some in his own right, the others in the Premier's absence. He is chairman of the Cabinet public relations committee consisting of every minister and the supreme election-manipulating body. He is Leader of the House, thus controlling Parliamentary times and all programmes. He is the Cabinet's liaison officer on the committee of the Parliamentary Labour Party which controls the Labour M.P.s.

In many essential respects Morrison has more Party power than Attlee. He has in his hands the direction of Cabinet domestic affairs, Party campaigning in the country, the Party in the House and the House itself.

It is no secret in the Labour Party that Morrison has his left eye on a door marked 10 in Downing Street, and whether he gets there or not will depend on how effectively he can weave a public idealism into that pattern of private ambition which appears, too plainly, in his garb. Maybe it's too late. There is no doubt about it that he is big enough for the job. Critics complain that he is too much of an individualist, but then the great P.M.s of the past have all been individualists.

Morrison's family life is colourless to the point of being invisible. He lives at Eltham in a house in a row of houses that are exactly the same.

His Habits and Pleasures

He is a suburban husband with regular habits and his wife is a suburban wife who dresses simply, does her own shopping and housework and stands in a fish queue. If Morrison's habits are regular they are not what every woman would tolerate. His wife complains that if she wants to see him of an evening she must go to a meeting and sit in the audience. Every morning by eight he is on his way to Whitehall and when the House is in session he is seldom home before two in the morning, and then with a brief-case stuffed with papers.

The Morrisons go occasionally to the cinema or the theatre, but he's a dance fanatic. When he goes to a dance—which is as often as possible—he never "sits out": barely leaves the floor. He smokes and he drinks sherry, but sparingly.

His life is in his work. He has four offices—in the House of Commons, at Whitehall, at 11 Downing Street, and at Transport House. His movements from one to another give him a ubiquity that, for a politician, has its points.

Though Morrison may be hard to find he is always approachable. He has those qualities the common man values most — loyalty, friendship, tolerance. His vitality is of the sort that pervades any room in which he is present.

As a speaker he is judged second only to Churchill. This is perhaps the greatest asset to a political career that began when a boy in his teens started airing his mind and found that the sound of it could stop passers-by.

All this, and all of everything with him, are derivatives of his early complex—which is both the source of his power and his safeguard from Party error. When he piloted the Queen around at a County Hall reception, before the war, one of his present colleagues said:

"Herbert will never really do a MacDonald on the Party—because he knows what a B.F. he looks in evening dress."

DENNIS HOLMAN

BRAINS TRUST IN A PUB

You take your drink, sit where you can and the fun breaks out all round. It's the brains trust at the local. This is what happens when the question-master orders another round—of questions

by JOHN PUDNEY

Customers at the "White Hart" gather round to enjoy a brains trust session. Pudney, as question-master, is standing behind the table on the left of the picture

AS I SIT AT THE TABLE in the corner of the bar of the "White Hart" with my nose quite decently near a draught of ale, I wonder whether we are not after all learning—whether we are not after all becoming more intelligent than our forefathers.

We are so often reminded that science is making us more savage, that knowledge is employed in destructive activities, that we would have been safer, happier, better-off in the "good old days," that it is refreshing to record such a modest, good-humoured and intelligent affair as the gathering at the "White Hart."

It is simply a brains trust which is held once a fortnight in the pub.

A small typewritten notice tells you when it convenes. There is no advertising, no admission fee, no formality. You take your drink, you get a seat where you can, you add to the comfortable fug and tobacco haze which congregates beneath the low Georgian ceiling, and the fun breaks out all round you.

It is not just funny. The discussion ranges over corporal punishment, women's hats, imperial preference, the gravity of beer, and professionalism in sport—to give a few examples from last Friday.

Everyone Joins In

The questions are handed over the bar during the course of a fortnight. The "brains" vary with each session. The question-master aims for a balance between seriousness and frivolity and avoids local politics like the plague: I myself am the question-master so I cannot say more.

All last winter these gatherings took place regularly and we are going strong this season.

Sitting in front of the chairman's beer, I see a very diverse assortment of English men and women expressing views openly, cogently, and frankly, upon the major and minor problems of this country and of the world. I believe I am seeing something new and good, an alertness and articulateness which our forefathers lacked.

The brains trust has included a doctor, a baker, the manager of the waterworks, a farmer, a contractor, a garage hand, the landlord from a neighbouring hostelry, a B.B.C. man, a civil engineer. Never in my experience has any one of them failed to answer any single question.

As soon as answers (limited to two or three minutes) have been given, the house joins in open debate. The rather thick cluster from the corner by the bar contributes as earnestly as the timid group by the window who ordered shandies.

This is not a studiously thought-out cross section of public opinion but it is an uncommonly diverse one which reflects much sense and frequently surprises with its views. Last week, for instance, a trust consisting of a garage man, contractor, civil engineer and B.B.C. official, was faced with this one:

Can it be said that party government is played out? Can the brains trust suggest any alternative which would not encourage bureaucracy?

We do not treat political questions as ordinary fare, rather as a savour to our discussions. With one exception, members of the trust said that party politics did not bring out the best in people and that they were alarmed to view clashes of personality among our legislators.

The one dissentient pointed out that a clash of opinion was healthy and that only good could come out of argument; but when the proposition went before the public of the saloon bar, there was no word to be said for party politics.

Passing to the question: *Is a woman's brain superior to a man's brain?* our trust found themselves divided. Seeing that quite half our audience consisted of women, we took the unusual course of taking the vote of the house. The house overwhelmingly voted that men's brains were better.

The question: *What is the best way to spend a week's holiday?* produced results very characteristic of these sober times.

Nobody talked of Monte Carlo, of Honolulu, or of staying in bed. Our brains, I thought, were particularly constructive, speaking of the need of getting away from your job, of doing more gardening in the sand than you ever did at home, of making a spiritual break.

The same session handed me a question which, a few years ago, I would never have dared to ask this or any audience.

Its simplicity was fascinatingly sinister. I wish we had been on the air when it was answered. I would like other countries and other continents to have heard these ordinary men and women answering the question, *Are we afraid?*

They said that fear dominates our lives; that we are afraid of distances; that we are afraid of uncertainty. But out of the dozen who spoke there was not one who was afraid to discuss this fear and most of them said that we should do something about it.

Sitting on my high-backed chair at the question-master's table, under the benevolent eye of our landlord, Mr. Hazel, I cannot help pinching myself and asking if this is really possible, that our shy, overburdened, victorious people can sit in a pub and discuss, without self-consciousness, philosophic problems which affect the world.

But it happens, it happens often, and the more often it happens surely the better it is.

In the interval, Mr. Hazel approaches me as he always does.

"I hope you ask my question tonight. You always seem to miss it," he says.

"Let's see now. Which one was yours?" I always tease Mr. Hazel.

"Mine was: *Why should there be two types of thermometers, Centigrade and Fahrenheit, and does the brains trust think there should be one universal type?* This question has been bothering me for years, and don't forget it."

Always Fair Questions

Now, nobody, to look at Mr. Hazel, the landlord of that handsome Georgian inn standing sedately at the top of Riverhill, in the county of Kent, would suppose that this shrewd, spectacled figure was bothered with the problems of the measurement of heat.

Mr. Hazel glares at me kindly through his spectacles: "I don't believe any of you can answer that question."

"Nor do I. That is why I have never asked it."

We try not to bowl out our volunteers on purely technical matters and in the course of an evening we aim to get through eight or nine questions of which not more than two are frivolous.

They say that brains trusts originated from the boredom of blackout and the stresses of war. Certainly brains trusts in this country owe everything to that most successful of B.B.C. features, originated by Howard Thomas.

They do not arise, I am sure, from ignorance and the mere desire for solid fact. Rather do they seem to have developed as a social phenomenon, as vehicles for discussion, interchange of ideas, with quite frequent revelations of native wisdom.

When our modest performance draws to a close, those who were Joad and Huxley quickly revert to their first names and the leg-pulling and congratulations of their friends.

We distinctly hear, as we discuss the arrangements for the next session, one of the members being told by his wife exactly what he ought to have said. Grandma, no doubt, would have behaved the same way.

But then grandpa would never have said in public what has been said tonight.

HOW MANY DO WE NEED?

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

The country's overcrowded already? Yes, but in our lifetime, Britain will be top-heavy with elderly adults and short of children. After that, our dwindling numbers will mortgage the future — unless we start to tackle this problem immediately

IN THE LIFETIME of many of our children the population of this country seems likely to decline to about half its present size. This is Britain's population problem.

Most people are not even aware that there is a problem. There is, in fact, a feeling that it might be pleasant to have a few million less people.

Queueing up for anything and everything. Travelling on overcrowded trains and buses. Filling up too many forms for not enough houses. All these things are calculated to make us feel that we are overcrowded in this island and that a decline in population would be a good thing. But would it?

Great Britain has world responsibilities and her future wealth and happiness depend on her continued ability to fulfil these responsibilities. Young, highly-qualified men and women are wanted and are scarce. Soon they will be even scarcer.

The quality of a population is becoming increasingly more important than its quantity. Except for one purpose—mass warfare by mass armies—the influence of a power is not proportionate to its population.

Influence for peace is a product of the best-quality brains in a nation. A highly qualified population, strongly concentrated, is essential. And that requires a solid base of numbers and a good population in the younger age groups.

What has happened is that one more potent natural force has been brought within human control. The first effect of widespread knowledge of birth control in this country has been a sharp limitation in the size of families.

Facts and Figures

Up to the early part of this century, children—too many children often—were a compulsory accompaniment of marriage. Nowadays no responsible couple are going to have more children than they can afford to bring up properly.

Our birth-rate has been falling steadily for over fifty years, except for a spasmodic rise in the first great war of this century, a rise which is being repeated as a consequence of the war from which we have just emerged. England and Wales had in 1939 a population of 41,550,000. By 1949 it will be 42,150,000. But in 1942, though we had a million more potential mothers than in 1916, we had fewer births.

Some of us, and most of our children, will still be alive in the year 2009, by which time the population will be 24,710,000. After that the decline will be even more rapid.

The crude birth-rate does not show what will happen to a population. To calculate future fertility we must know the average number of girl babies —mothers of the future—born to any one woman in the child-bearing years.

This average figure is the crude reproduction rate.

It must be reduced a little because some girls die in infancy or childhood. This corrected average figure is the net reproduction rate.

A net reproduction rate of 1 means that each mother is producing one potential mother who will survive. Where the net reproduction rate is 1 the population will remain the same provided that birth- and death-rates stay the same. Our birth-rate is still falling steadily and for the last twenty-three years our net reproduction rate has been below unity—less than 1.

Decline May be More Rapid

Our total population has not altered much in that period because the expectation of life has increased. This is due to improved standards of living and the enormous strides made in public health work and all the medical sciences. One-third of the people over sixty-five today owe the fact that they are alive to these advances.

Death-rates can only go a little lower and we cannot live for ever. Therefore our failure to reproduce ourselves in sufficient numbers will soon affect total population figures.

Our numbers are going to diminish and our population is going to include more old people.

In 1901 every hundred workers in this country had fifty-eight dependants to support—fifty-one children and seven old people. By 1999 every hundred workers will still be supporting fifty-eight dependants—seventeen children and forty-one old people. That is one of the most important facets of our population problem.

All these estimates are conservative. Only one factor may alter appreciably. If it does, a slow, steady decline may become more rapid.

Change in Quality

Knowledge of birth control is not yet universal. No one knows how many children alive today would not be here if their parents had been able to prevent it. The Peckham Health Centre has put the proportion at as high as one-half. Or, in other words, the possibilities of decline may be even more rapid than would appear on present trends.

As our numbers diminish, quality of population will become much more important. Unfortunately, all the known facts point to a decline in quality as well as in quantity.

Leadership in world affairs, in the arts, in science, and in every branch of technology and industry depends upon a few thousand people. Take the twelve most prominent men in any walk of life and you will find that six of them started off with inherited intelligence and inherited opportunities. Six of them had none of these advantages. Their parents were poor and they had to earn every penny they spent on night school.

At the end of the first World War the high-income classes were not reproducing themselves. Low-income classes were, and it seemed that we would still have our twelve first-class men, but instead of the proportions by origins being 6:6 it would be 4:8. At the end of the second World War it is already clear that the fall in population, the failure to reproduce, is now affecting every class.

If things continue as they are doing, the next generation will have only eight first-class men where we had twelve. Four of them rising up from the poorer classes, four of them inheriting both intelligence and opportunity.

Whatever its origins the more intelligent section of the community today has a long period of school and university or other training. So they marry late and they have small families.

Late marriages always produce fewer children. Late marriages and economic pressure limit the families of the most valuable part of the nation.

Thus in each succeeding generation the average level of intelligence is going to be lower because the more intelligent of every class have failed to contribute their proper quota of children to it.

Designers, inventors, and creative thinkers are responsible for progress in the modern world. Quantity is not enough. Intellectual quality is essential. Present trends are set in the direction of a steady fall in both quality and quantity.

The Royal Commission on population, set up two years ago, is taking a census to find out things we do not know.

We do not know how many childless marriages there are. We do not know as much as we need to know about the size of families in relation to income and occupation.

But we do know that if pre-war fertility trends continue we shall be faced in about twenty years with a Britain shrinking within its skin and

Diagram shows: In 1901 every hundred workers had 58 dependants to support—51 children and 7 old people. In 1999, every hundred workers will still be supporting 58 dependants—but the proportion of old people will have dangerously increased

becoming too small for its buildings, equipment and responsibilities. A Britain older in years—though perhaps not proportionately older in health.

Married couples cannot be frightened into having babies. But they might receive much more encouragement to raise families.

Houses are being built specially for old people, but there are no new houses being built with more than three bedrooms—which provides for a man and his wife and two or, at the most, three children.

Rents are not related to family size. The day-nursery grant from the Exchequer has been halved. Revised rates of Service pay abolish children's allowances. Post-war credits are being paid to old-age pensioners, but not to young people with children.

Family allowances are a step in the right direction, but only a very short one.

What is Wanted

The main need is to induce those who at present restrict babies to one, two or three, to increase their families to three or four.

The difficulty is largely economic. So long as the educational standards and the chance in life a child gets depend on family income there will be every incentive to limit families.

The crux of the argument is simple. In planning their families most parents strike a level too low to maintain our numbers.

There are no signs that this tendency will be arrested. Birth control may well accelerate it.

Improvement in the social services connected with parenthood could do much to modify this trend. Children should be regarded as national assets and not as parental economic problems.

If something is to be done, it would be best to do it quickly.

A falling population tends to perpetuate its own social structure, leading to further decline. Age legislates for age. An old people's influence in politics tends to perpetuate a bias in their favour.

An ideal population cannot be worked out without the answer to one vital question. What part does the nation wish to play in the world?

The pre-war trend of population would mean the elimination of Great Britain as a major international influence within seventy-five years.

It may be that we should redistribute some of our total population as between Britain and the Dominions. But we must tackle our population difficulties at once.

The problem needs to be made widely known. Once that is done the Government may help in many ways. But parents themselves who have a stake in a free community and a pride in their heritage need not wait for encouragement from Whitehall to show their faith in Britain's future.

Most parents already have that faith in some degree. But they would enlarge their families, and a younger generation would accept parenthood more readily, if two basic lines of policy were made clear.

First, it should be made easy to beget and rear children.

Bringing children into the world should be painless and should cost the individual precisely nothing. Bringing up baby should be a joy and not the burden that it so often is. Crèches, day-nurseries, and home helps should be freely available.

Secondly, every child—not just all the expensive children and only one in a hundred of all the others—should have first-class opportunities.

What use is made of those opportunities can be assessed accurately at the age of sixteen. At that point all the first-quality brains should be given freely the best training the country can offer.

Policy that will Pay

All these things could be done and should be done—and quickly. Only these things will halt the declining trend and preserve the quantity and quality of our population.

More slowly we can lay down a long-term population plan, a form of master-policy which will affect planning on health, education and housing.

We must decide what part we propose to play in the world over the next hundred years, and how many people we need for that purpose. The answer may well be thirty or thirty-five millions, or perhaps our present forty millions is right.

On quality we know already that we can never have too many first-class brains.

And we should have learnt by now that selecting those brains early in life and giving them everything we can in the way of education and training is the only form of investment of national wealth which will pay enormous dividends.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

are you an expert?

DO YOU KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMETHING or something about everything? Here's your chance to check up on yourself. If you can get five out of five in any department you may modestly assume that you are expert on that subject; four out of five in all of them entitles you to call yourself a first-class all-rounder. If three out of five is your average score you are better than most people at general knowledge. The answers are on page 26.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

1. To what island are illegal would-be immigrants into Palestine transferred?
2. What jobs had Mr. Henry Wallace under President Roosevelt, President Truman, and what paper does he edit now?
3. What is happening at Flushing Meadow?
4. What action has the Pope taken against those responsible for the jailing of Mgr. Stepinac?
5. What two Ministers share responsibility for the housing drive?

ANIMALS

1. What use are cat's whiskers to the cat?
2. Do you know the difference between a foal, a colt, a filly, a stallion, and a mare?
3. What wild animal was kept in captivity for the sake of its perfume?
4. In what way do giraffes run differently from other animals?
5. Why are greyhounds continually fooled by such obviously fake hares?

QUOTATIONS

1. What Frenchwoman said: "After us the deluge"—and to what was she referring?
2. What humorist cabled: "The reports of my death are greatly exaggerated"?
3. What German said: "Guns will make us powerful; butter will only make us fat"?
4. What playwright wrote: "Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes"—and what was the play?
5. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" Who was the poet and what was he hailing?

FOOTBALL

1. What team does England's outside-right play for?
2. What towns are represented by the Hotspurs, the Albion, and the County?
3. Why did James III of Scotland decree that "football should be utterly cryed down"?
4. Who invented Rugby Football—where and how?
5. What is the difference between a punt and a drop-kick?

FOOD

1. What is *foie-gras* made of?
2. What place have salamanders, tammies and darioles in the kitchen?
3. What foods take names of Bath, Jerusalem, and Sally Lunn?
4. What is hay-box cookery?
5. What colours are a fresh fig, paprika, and caviare?

ROAD SAFETY

1. If there's no footpath, on which side of the road should you walk?
2. Unless you're told to, filtering is against the law. What is it?
3. Why should not a motorist pull over at night and park on the right of the road?
4. If a carter suddenly put his whip up above his head and kept it there, what would he be signalling?
5. What is the order of "kerb drill," to be gone through every time you are about to cross the road?

AUTHORS

1. Which of Dickens's novels is autobiographical?
2. What nationality were Walt Whitman, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, and Karel Capek?
3. What have O'Casey, O'Neill and Odets in common, besides the initial "O"?
4. What are the real names of Y. Y. and Q.?
5. What English author played a prominent part in the French and American revolutions, and sold one and a half million copies of his *Rights of Man* in England alone?

MOVIES

1. In what countries were the films *The Overlanders*, *The Last Chance* and *The Forgotten Village* made?
2. What is the difference between a producer and a director?
3. Who wrote the background music for *Henry V* and *The Shape of Things to Come*?
4. Don Ameche played the part of the Maxim gun inventor in a recent film—can you remember anything else he "invented" on the screen?
5. What is a "wipe"?

OBSERVATION

(We can't tell you the answers to this one so you'll have to check for yourself)

1. How many keys on your key-ring?
2. What shape of jar is the sugar in your house kept in?
3. What's the colour of your toothbrush?
4. How many stairs in your house?
5. What was the *name* of the last film you saw?

THE EMPIRE

1. What part of South America is a British colony?
2. Name the three chief British islands off west coast of Africa.
3. A point for you if you can name the eight states of Australia—and a bonus point if you can get their capitals.
4. Why is Natal called Natal?
5. In what part of the Empire is St. John's?

STATUES

1. Where?

2. By whom?

3. Why was it criticized?

4. Who?

5. Name?

THINKING AROUND RADIO

Department of Thrills and Chills

"WHAT WILL HAPPEN to Dick Barton? What is crawling across the floor of the darkened room? Who is trying to steal the plans? Listen tomorrow at the same time—and find out!" And millions of listeners are presumed to be excited as *Dick Barton, Special Agent,* goes off the air until 6.45 the next evening.

We have all met Dick Barton before under various names (among them Sexton Blake), together with his Cockney assistant; the sinister foreigner who is planning to hold the world to ransom; the pretty girl who is "on our side"; the fake taxi-drivers, and the rest.

Familiar also are the deserted warehouse where the hero is held prisoner, the mad scientist's giant insects, and the lift that is a death-trap. I have followed such adventures in stories, books, films, and on the air.

The mechanical situations still have some attraction because their dangers are mostly magnified versions of my own petty fears. I have occasionally shivered on going into a darkened room, imagining a nameless horror perhaps a few feet away from me, so I feel a sense of childish personal triumph when Dick Barton shines his torch on a huge spider and shoots it between the eyes.

AGAIN, trapped in the warehouse, Dick Barton watches a growing hole in the wall as his arch-enemy sends diseased rats through to gnaw him. Who hasn't felt at least a little afraid sometimes as he has listened to mice scratching at the skirting-board? But Dick Barton, my super-self, escapes the rats and helps me to laugh at my timidity towards mice.

Highly imaginative adults and children identify themselves completely with such heroes or, if they are feeling malignant, the villains. A social survey taken in America, where there is always a serial of this type on one or another station, suggested that their effect was dangerous; the suspense in which they left the listener was found often to be subconsciously present until it was satisfied in the next episode, only to be renewed.

Most people know that it is just a game, that no one is really going to get hurt because it is all such obvious make-believe.

Listening to Dick Barton is like going on the switchback at the fair. We can give ourselves up to the pleasurable symptoms of fear because we know that we are safe.

What we don't know is just how he is going to be saved and this curiosity prompts some of us to listen tomorrow and hear. But when we have listened a few times the pattern of "danger—safe—danger" becomes boring and its one excuse—that it is thrilling—disappears.

The cinema forgot about serials thirty years ago, after *The Perils of Pauline* had thrilled an emotionally underdeveloped audience. Today, the subtler situations in Humphrey Bogart and Alan Ladd films are preferred. It seems a strange moment for the B.B.C. to introduce this daily serial with all its crudities; particularly after such adult productions in the series *Appointment With Fear,* as its adaptations from Edgar Allan Poe and Ambrose Bierce.

ELKAN ALLAN

JOHN BULL November 9 1946

MARRIAGE IS HARDER THAN EVER

Marriage was never easy. Today it presents special problems and makes new demands on those starting out in it, says Dr. Mace, in the second of his series of articles for John Bull

by DR. DAVID MACE

"Two people who have lived separate lives just can't expect to come together in a relationship as intimate as marriage and at once see eye to eye about everything"

WHEN TWO PEOPLE MARRY, they enter a contract. That is what makes it such a serious business. Outside marriage, they can be friends and lovers and can even beget children. But they remain free to come and go. They are not under any binding commitment to each other. Only when they marry are they so committed.

Every human society has had to establish some form of marriage. Free love may be all right for the two individuals concerned as long as they remain attracted to each other. But something more permanent is needed as a foundation for the family.

In an ideal state, where people could be relied on to base all their actions on the highest standards of integrity, the contract of marriage might be dispensed with. But we are a long way yet from that kind of thing.

A good deal of the muddle about modern marriage is due to the fact that the terms of the contract have changed. Young people nowadays often go into marriage without understanding very clearly what they are undertaking. They may both have different ideas about what their functions and duties are. When these ideas clash, the trouble begins.

In the old days it was all very clearly defined. The man, in marrying the woman of his choice, undertook to provide her with certain things. First and foremost, a house, with furniture to suit her tastes and standards. Until he had this to offer her, he couldn't make a proposal of marriage. And there was no hire-purchase system in those days!

He had to offer her some guarantee, too, of economic security. At an early stage in the proceedings he had to face a searching private interview with her papa, who inquired very thoroughly into his "prospects." If his bank balance didn't pass the test, he might be turned down flat. It was papa's business to see his dear daughter "settled." If the young husband went broke, there was little chance of his wife taking a job to help things out. That just wasn't done. Anyway, there were practically no jobs for women.

The Husband's "Rights"

In return for a home and security, the wife undertook to maintain her husband's establishment, with the help of whatever servants they could afford. She also undertook to bear him children, if necessary at the rate of one per annum. Family planning didn't come into the picture then. Those were the days when husbands spoke of their "marriage rights."

It was all very matter-of-fact and business-like. Seasoned by true love, such a relationship could bring deep and lasting happiness, and often did. Without love, it could all become a hideous nightmare. But however bad it was, *there was no going back on it*. When grandmama and grandpapa went into marriage, the door closed behind them and the lock clicked. "For better or for worse" had its full meaning in those days.

In some ways it is easier to have everything decided for you. For that reason, there are people who actually like living in a totalitarian state. And in the days when husband and wife both knew exactly what was expected of them, there were no special difficulties about the early days of marriage.

How different things are today! It is the exception rather than the rule for the modern couple to have a home of their own from the start. They rent a flat, or arrange to pay for a house in instalments through a building society—always supposing they can by any means find either! The furniture is as often as not procured on the hire-purchase system. The bridegroom may have no capital whatever. He may not even have a job. I have known youths who married "on the dole."

This often means that the wife must share in the task of paying for the home and bringing in the family income. So she gets a job—if she hasn't already got one. She shares in what used to be the husband's exclusive function as the provider. She may even earn more than he does.

In return, he is expected to share her home duties, and do his bit of housework—not as a favour but as part of their life together.

Moreover, the sex life of the modern couple is no longer a marital "right" for the husband and a procreative duty for the wife. The woman's need for sexual fulfilment is recognized equally with the man's. It is no longer improper for her to enjoy her husband's embraces and respond to his love-making.

If trouble comes to the husbands and wives of today, there is no mute acceptance of their appointed lot. Not on your life! They go off to a solicitor and file a petition for divorce. Unhappily married people who resorted to divorce were once considered hardly respectable. Now they are considered stupid and soft if they don't.

All this has made the early days of modern marriage especially critical. Much more is demanded of the couple, and much more is at stake for both parties.

They have to share out the duties and responsibilities fairly, with no traditional blueprint to guide them. They have to achieve satisfactory sex adjustment. They have to reach a common mind about when they will start a family.

Asking for Trouble

They have to make themselves acceptable to each other, knowing that if one fails to keep attractive, the other may go off with somebody else. The modern marriage insists on freedom, and freedom can only be had by yielding up some of its traditional securities. If you want the kind of marriage you can walk out of when you get tired of it, you have to pay the price in eternal vigilance, lest your partner should get to that point first!

What can young married couples do to steer a safe course among all these hidden rocks?

First, they can make absolutely sure that they are prepared for marriage. There are plenty of sound books to read nowadays, and those about to marry should study them carefully. A recommended list will be sent to anyone sending a stamped addressed envelope to me at the Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke Street, London, W.1.

People who drift into marriage carelessly and without forethought in these days are asking for trouble—and they soon find it. I believe the time has come when young men and women should prepare for marriage as thoroughly as they do for a career.

Secondly, they should plan out the duties of the home in a business-like way, in addition to discussing their finances and making a budget. Let them have a policy about their recreation, too. To leave these things in a haphazard state is to lay gunpowder trails for future explosions.

More, they should accept the fact that conflict is sure to arise between them, and be patient about it. Two people who have lived separate lives for a quarter of a century just *can't* expect to come together in a relationship as intimate as marriage and at once see eye to eye about everything. I would go so far as to say that conflict is the very stuff out of which all good marriages are made. It's a wise plan to give your marriage a "running-in period" of five years or so before you expect things to go smoothly.

The truth is that marriage has always been hard, and it's harder than ever these days. That's why so many are failing to make the grade.

Some people want all the rewards straight away, without having to make any sustained effort. They ought to know that nothing in human life works out that way. If they will bring knowledge, patience and perseverance to the task, the rewards will come all right in the end. And they will be well worth all the effort needed to win them.

PAYING FOR THE WIFE

by HERBERT HODGE

CONVERSATION IN THE LOCAL, the other evening, turned on that ticklish question raised in the House of Commons recently.

If a Cabinet Minister goes abroad on Government business, should his wife go with him at the public expense? Or ought she to pay her own expenses?

Opinion in the local was divided. Several chaps held that to give anybody's wife a trip abroad on public money—*our* money—was a wicked waste.

The one woman present objected to this view—but only on sentimental grounds. She said that if a husband was to be allowed to go gallivanting abroad on public money, then his wife was entitled to go gallivanting with him.

Our Earnest Labour Supporter refused to discuss it. He said it was a put-up job—a trivial attempt by the Opposition to embarrass Labour's Cabinet Ministers.

Perhaps it was. All the same, I felt it was a question worth discussing. As a taxpayer, I'm always grateful to the parliamentary watchdogs who keep a stern eye on the way the Government spends my money—no matter what party they belong to.

Nor is this particular question either a trivial or a sentimental one. To the taxpayer, it's a plain question of profit and loss. Do we lose or gain by paying a wife's expenses on such a trip?

I'm inclined to think we gain by it. Everything depends on what kind of a woman the wife is, and how much her husband relies on her Few men achieve greatness by their own unaided efforts.

The more distinguished a man becomes, the more certain you can be, as a rule, that somewhere behind the splendid front he displays to the world, there's a woman propping him up.

Of course, that woman isn't always his wife. Many a distinguished man, like many an undistinguished man, has been unlucky in his marriage. The woman he depends on may be a secretary, or a housekeeper, or what the world calls a "mistress."

But there's usually a woman somewhere. And, in the case of the truly lucky man, that woman is his lawfully wedded wife.

Famous in Own Right

The wives of famous men are sometimes famous themselves. Mrs. Roosevelt and our own Jennie Lee are obvious examples. But, as a rule, you hear little about the wife of a famous man until after he is dead—when an inquisitive biographer lays bare the details of his private life.

When you read those details, it sometimes seems that, without this woman who was his prop and mainstay, your famous man would have been rather like a clockwork toy without the clockwork.

But, of course, it wouldn't do for a famous man to admit that fact in public—even if he admitted it to himself. It would spoil his whole effect. No one admires a man who is too obviously propped up by a woman. People like to think of a great man being great all through.

Nor does the great man himself always appreciate a woman's guiding hand. Men who distinguish themselves in large affairs are sometimes more than usually helpless in small affairs. Such a man's wife, therefore, behind the scenes, often plays the part of nursemaid, wardress, or even keeper. And every natural man, great or small, strongly resents any woman's doing things to him for his own good. It's a rebellion that begins in the cradle.

Posterity may sometimes have cause to regret the existence of great men's wives. I've heard it said that some of Mark Twain's writings would have been even funnier than they are, if only his wife hadn't read them before publication.

But then, possibly, she improved his work by her advice. There's no telling.

I never think of distinguished men and their wives without thinking of G. K. Chesterton and his wife. Different observers take different views of their relationship, but no one can doubt that Chesterton's wife took a great and loving interest in her husband.

G.K.'s Beer Money

One biographer tells us it was a sad sight to see her doling out G.K.'s beer money. It seems she allowed him to spend only half a crown at a time. She took entire charge of his money for him—even buying his railway tickets.

But then look how deeply he depended on her. Another biographer tells us she once allowed him to go off, all by himself, on a lecture tour. A few days later, she received an urgent telegram from him: "Am at Market Harborough. Where ought I to be?"

Now I wouldn't dream of suggesting that anything like that was liable to happen to one of our Cabinet Ministers. But you never know. And I feel it's always as well, especially in important national affairs, to be on the safe side.

You may say that all such accidents could be avoided by taking a secretary; that a Cabinet Minister would take secretaries in any case; and that, therefore, there's no need for his wife to go along, too.

Well, I'd give you that in the case of a Conservative Minister. Conservative Ministers are often born rich. A man who is born rich can afford to begin his career with a well-paid and highly-efficient secretary.

But many of our Labour leaders were born poor. And while a rich man may be able to buy the finest female talent available—whether in the shape of secretaries, housekeepers, or mistresses—the poor man can afford none of these things.

The poor man has to rely for all his needs and delights entirely upon the freely given services of one woman—his wife.

When a man has made a lifelong habit of depending on one woman, he feels rather helpless without her—no matter how many secretaries he may acquire in middle age.

Therefore, I hold that public money spent on the travelling expenses of a wife, in such cases, is almost certain to be money well spent—an investment that should bring in profit to the nation wise enough to make it.

★ ★ Herbert Hodge, ex-taxi driver, author, and radio commentator, writes his reflections on life as he sees it, in John Bull every week

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW

Continued from page 9

that has so far preserved itself admirably; perhaps the Chilterns' protective heights and the indifferent train service have helped to keep it more isolated than others of its kind within the forty-mile radius of London.

I bought a copy of the *Bucks Herald*. There was a report of a borough council meeting. One heading was "Tender for 112 California Houses." . . . California houses? Some sort of prefabricated American house?

I discovered that "California" is a district of the town, meadowland that was once a racecourse.

So I went to California, as I had been asked.

It lived up to the other California that we know as a place of promise. I began to see the shape of the Aylesbury of tomorrow more clearly. Already, before the war, the adjoining district of Southcourt had been laid out on pleasant "garden city" lines, with wide streets and occasional open spaces; as pleasant a place for a modest home as any man and wife could wish for.

In California some sixty houses of what is known as the "traditional pattern" are being built. Slowly, said a foreman, because of delays in getting the materials. They are not all the same pattern; there is an evident attempt to achieve variety.

A party of German p.o.w.s was watching with interest a concrete mixture being shot on to the outside walls by a sort of gun. The foreman showed me the handbook accompanying the machine; it is known as the "Tyrolean" process and, indeed, the rough-cast effect does remind one of German and Austrian villages.

Here will live the printers, hat-makers, dairy workers who make up the factory population of this country town. Not for them an hour's tussle in a crowded tube or bus backwards and forwards to their daily work. The factories—big, spacious affairs; one quite palatial in appearance—are within walking distance.

One's home, one's place of work, one's place for pleasure and shopping all within easy distance; and around you the still unspoilt Buckinghamshire countryside, leading up to the moorland heights of the Chilterns.

A pleasant vision, and one that should not be too difficult to bring to life.

Meanwhile, there are the pressing housing problems of today, which Aylesbury shares with the rest of Britain. Example: up to October 1 there had been 1,282 applications for council houses in Aylesbury, and of these 291 were from families with two or three children.

Standing in the meadows of California an unconscious chain of thought prompted me to recite to myself the opening lines of Gray's "Elegy." Because there was a clock chiming up in the town? Or a lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea?

No! More likely because I had remembered that Gray wrote his "Elegy" in what is now part of Slough; and I had heard that unfortunate district slandered more than once in the past twenty-four hours.

And the lowing herds? Much of Aylesbury's future shape will derive from the fact that the land of Buckinghamshire is being used more and more for arable purposes. The lowing herds grow fewer.

That fundamental farming change is one of the twin factors that determine the town's tomorrow.

Catching the train back to London, I noticed at the station a symbol of the other factor, which had escaped me on arrival; an omen, a portent; it was a shiny metal sign, affixed to the grimy wall of the station.

"London Transport" it said; in that sense, Aylesbury is already a part of London.

(Next Week: Tomorrow —in a University City)

Sam's integrity was at stake. "Right, Joe Bartlett," he retorted. "I'll accept that. A hundred quid to five that I don't tip a winner t'morrow"

BOOKIE BUSTER

by BASIL F. DEAKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

The bookie found his street runner trading in tips on the side. So the bookie set a trap. That was reasonable enough; it was just a pity that the trap had a two-way action

"SAM," Constable Pewer warned him, "when I *sees* you takin' a bet I'll run you in, sure as daylight. So don't let me *see* you." He winked sideways at Sam. "Know anythin' good for t'day, Sam?"

Sam sniffed contemptuously at Pewer's warning. Ten years he'd been street runner for Joe Bartlett, the bookie, and no copper had 'pegged him yet. Why should they? Hadn't he kept 'em tipped with good things? Them as worked the Fleet Street beats had plenty to thank him for.

"So y'want another bloomin' winner, do you? Well, I got one, Pewer—a real hot past-the-post cert. Yes, it's a piece of real iced cake on a silver plate, Mr. bloomin' Pewer—an' I haven't hardly a ruddy red cent t' back it. I-ronical, ain't it?"

"Tell you what, Sam," Constable Pewer exclaimed after deep thought. "You give me the name o' the horse an' I'll put a bob on it for *you*."

Sam thought, and his shrewd brain grasped the possibilities that the policeman's proposal raised. Here he was, with as good a thing as he'd known in years of racing; and there they were, all his regulars going to put their money on the wrong blooming horses as usual, when all the time he could tip them this smasher.

Why shouldn't he let 'em in on it, same as the copper said, and make 'em put half a dollar each on it for him, Sam? His quick mind figured it out. Say a hundred clients each putting half a crown on for him; starting price at 100 to 6 . . . his head whirled at the cosy prospect; and then he slumped back to realities. If he did that and his boss, Joe Bartlett, found him out—the next act was obvious.

WELL, he might as well get what he could out of the copper. "Put a dollar on f' me and it's yours," he offered. After a brief argument Sam traded his knowledge for the winning odds to half a crown.

"Battle Boy—it's a red 'ot cert."

Constable Pewer gaped at Sam. "That lump o' bone and gristle," he snorted.

"Yes, copper. That colt's goin' to surprise 'em this afternoon."

P.C. Pewer saw his sergeant hovering in the distance. "O.K., Sam, you're on for half a dollar. Put me ten bob on it." and he leisurely continued on his way.

Sam stood wrestling with his problem. How could he use his information to his advantage when he'd barely five bob to call his own? As he stood cogitating his gaze wandered—and fixed on the bills and posters plastered on a nearby paper shop. 'Strewth, yes—that was *the* idea.

In a moment he was decided. Sure, it would lose him his job if Joe Bartlett tumbled him; but Sam resolved to risk it.

He deserted his corner and hurried into the paper shop, which was much frequented by the lesser betters among the printers and compositors of the Street of Ink, and outside of which was a host of race tipsters' adverts.

Borrowing a piece of chalk and using the reverse side of a newsbill board, Sam printed in large bold letters, "SAM'S CERTS. A New Special Race Service. Today—A SMASHER. A Real Racing Coup. FREE. FREE. FREE. Promise the winning odds to half a crown and it's yours." He stood back to admire it.

"Put this outside f' me, Tich," he said to the lanky man behind the counter. "An' use it y'self. It's Battle Boy."

"'Ere, slow up," Mr. 'Tich' Little halted him. "You can put it outside yerself, but it'll cost yer five bob. Blimey, Sam, if I backed every blessed tip I'm given or sell, I'd a bin in queer street an 'ell of a time ago."

It broke Sam's heart but his mind was fixed on his idea.

"An' I'll tell you wot's more," Mr. Little added after he'd pocketed the

money. "You ain't known with yer 'Sam's Certs.' Y' can't prove no winners y've tipped, an' no one won't ask f' yer tip. You gotter give 'em a free trial, see?"

Sam "saw." Tich was right! Rapidly he altered the wording of his advertisement. He rubbed out the last line, "Promise the winning odds . . ." and heavily chalked in "BATTLE BOY" boldly surrounded by stars. Then, recklessly, he added, "AND ANOTHER LIKE IT TOMORROW."

Sam's betting clients, that morning, were mystified by his cynical remarks regarding their fancies. "You're throwin' a fortune away," he told them. "There's a chance of a lifetime," and he indicated the board.

A few, a very few, took the tip, but mostly they refused to be gulled by such free advice. What was free couldn't be much good.

That evening, in the local, Sam was surrounded by an admiring throng.

"What a winner—what a smasher. Battle Boy, 100 to 6." He glowed with self-satisfaction and free whiskies.

"What've yer got f' t'morrow, Sam?" a voice called out.

Sam gulped down another free drink. "Ah-h. Just you wait an' see," he smirked, his success and the adulation of his patrons carrying caution to the wind. "'SAM'S CERTS,' the new special race service, will have a hot one f' you tomorrow. Stick to Sam and bust the bookies. . . ."

"Here's one bookie what will bust you, you double-dealin' little rat. So it's *you* what tipped Battle Boy!"

Sam faced round to find Joe Bartlett, his employer, red of face, confronting him.

"Ah! Good evenin', Bartlett, me man." He spoke in lofty tones while the bookie scowled at him. "Yes, *I* told all the printers of Fleet Street an' its neighbourin' per-loos that 'SAM'S CERT,' Battle Boy, was a killer—f' the bookies"; and before Joe Bartlett could get in a word, Sam defiantly added, "Oh, an' by the way, Mr. Ruddy Bartlett, you'll have t' get y'self another runner. I've resigned. I shall be too busy contactin' me agents for secret information like Battle Boy."

"You ——." A very nasty word sullied Mr. Bartlett's lips. "So you'll bust the bookies, will you? 'SAM'S CERTS,'" he roared in an explosive sneer. "I'll lay you twenty to one y' can't tip a *five to one* winner t'morrow, let alone another like yer lucky guess t'day."

"Go on, Sam, take 'im," his admirers urged. "Take 'im in hundreds. Go on, Sam."

Sam's integrity was at stake. Recklessly be accepted. "Right, Joe Bartlett," he retorted. "I'll accept that. A hundred quid to five that I don't tip a winner t'morrow. . . ."

Sam felt a slight tightening round his collar-stud as he agreed, for he was irrevocably committed to produce a long-priced winner for the next day. His newly established reputation as a tipster was at stake. To say nothing of the five pound bet, an amount which was beyond his worldly possessions.

Bartlett grinned, maliciously. "Right, you're on—an' I'll collect the fiver t'morrow night, right here, same time as now."

Half through that night, in his one-room home over the barber's shop in Blackfriars, Sam studied the racing form of every runner for the next day's meetings. But no miraculous divinity came to enlighten him.

Gloomily, next morning, he mooned his way over Blackfriars Bridge towards Ludgate Circus and Fleet Street.

"Hi, Sam." He looked round to find Constable Pewer hailing him. "Here's a couple o' quid I owes you for Battle Boy. What a winner, Sam! What're you tippin' today?"

Sam concealed his inability to answer as he replied, "Ah, Pewer, that's a stable secret until—until," he thought rapidly, "until midday. It was given to me by one o' me best agents," he lied brazenly, "on condition that I don't tip it before noon because the animal's connections don't want the market spoilt. They're layin' money on it all over the country."

Sam was carried away by his own inventiveness and convinced not only P.C. Pewer but, very nearly, himself also.

"Me terms will be the winnin' odds to half a crown, an' a gift at the price, seein' what it's costin' me." Sam didn't explain that its cost to him was mental anguish and a sleepless night.

"O.K., Sam. How'll I get y' tip?" asked Pewer.

"In Tich Little's shop, in me special sealed selection envelope, after twelve o'clock." Sam walked briskly away as though on business bent, but, in fact, with no idea of how or where to find the promised bookie-breaking certainty.

Despite his losses of the previous day due to Sam's bookie-busting tip, Joe Bartlett was in good humour that morning and "Frownin' Fred," his usually gloomy clerk, was in equally happy mood. The cause of it lay in the artful scheme Joe had planned overnight.

Sam had done it once and he *might* again tip a long-priced winner. Sam's clients were also Joe's, so it would be Joe who'd be not only the laughing stock of Fleet Street, after last night's fracas in the pub, but also the loser if Sam repeated yesterday's success.

"It's a real winner, guv," Frownin' Fred was saying. "It'll bust that Sam wider'n a scrambled egg."

"Yerp, an' put a few quid in me pocket too," Joe guffawed. "Now git, Fred, an' mind you does as I instructed, see?"

It was as he turned into Fleet Street that Fred saw Sam board a bus headed westward. Fred pounded after it and shot his lanky frame aboard. Upstairs he found Sam slumped on a front seat.

"'Ullo, Sam, me old china." Pleasure and surprise were well acted. "Wotcher, chum. Cor, you didn't half put it across Joe Bartlett yesterday. Bloomin' marvel, you is." His voice slumped. "But you didn't do me no good," he added gloomily.

Sam was surprised. "Wotcher mean, Fred?"

"Joe an' me had a row 'bout you, Sam. 'E calls you a double-dealin' twister, he did, an' I says you wasn't, you're a straight, hon'rible bloke what is 'ighly respected by a wide circle o' sportsmen."

"'Strewth, Fred." Sam stared in wonderment at his unexpected champion and at this revelation of the high character awarded himself. "'Strewth, d'you say *that* to Bartlett?"

Fred mournfully shook his head. "I paid the price o' my loyalty to an old pal," a fraternal description which hardly characterized Fred's and Sam's past biting relationship. "I sticks up f' *your* honour, Sam, and gets the sack!"

Sam sat up. "'Strewth. He's *sacked* you, Fred? An' all because o' me. I'm bloomin' sorry, straight I am, Fred, pal. Here, let's hop off an' have a drink. There's a cosy little pub near here."

"What you goin' to do now, Fred?" Sam queried over his tankard.

"Dunno. Cor, if I 'ad your brains, Sam, I'd start a bizness like yourn."

Sam quivered. For a brief while he'd forgotten his own troubles in his concern for this good pal who'd only lost his job because of unexpected loyalty.

Fred's voice, peevishly repeating itself, interrupted his sudden agitation.

"You deaf? I asks you—what y' tippin' for today?"

Tipping today! Sam looked round and, in a burst of self-pity and mutual confidence, he leaned over and whispered. "Fred, it's gawd's truth—*I haven't got nothing t' tip*. I'm sunk. See? I ain't got an 'orse *to* tip."

Fred's eyes shot up to the clock above the bar. "Sam, you only got 'arf an hour. You promised y' tip at twelve, didn't you? Coo—wot a mess!" His pleased tone was lost on Sam. "Look, ol' china. Me an' you is pals an' we is both enemies o' Joe Bartlett. If there is anythin' we can do to get back at that slimy so-and-so, we does it, don't we? Right. Then I tells y' wot, Sam. I gotter pal, a real dyed-in-the-wool pal wot is in the know at Epsom. If there's anythin' goin' wot is goin' t' be a real smashin' houtsider, 'e knows if anyone do. I'll telephone 'im. See?"

Fred hurried away and a minute later was talking over the phone to Joe Bartlett. "Guv, that Sam ain't got no 'orse t' tip." A loud guffaw of delight greeted this revelation. "So we 'aven't got nothin' to worry about. . . ."

"No, but *he* has," Joe chuckled. "You told him about yer pal at Epsom, like I told you to? Good fer you, Fred. Now tell the twister this," and rapid instructions followed.

"Sam, everythin's all right, me old china." Fred slapped Sam heartily on the back. "I bin talkin' to me pal an' he's given me the works, jus' the right thing for you, Sam. He says Material is a *secret thing* f' today."

Sam hastily scanned his racing paper. Material in the three o'clock mile and a half handicap, carrying bottom weight, unplaced in its last three races, forecast

with my feet up

by IAN FOX

Unity, By Gad!

"HELLO, OLD BOY! By gad, I haven't seen you since those blooming hotel people went on strike."

"But . . ."

"How well I remember that day. Couldn't get a thing to eat except a cold partridge and a slice of melon—remember?"

"But . . ."

"You haven't had lunch yet, have you? We'll go to a little place I've ferreted out. They know a good black market. Hey! Taxi!"

"But I . . ."

"It's expensive, of course, but you can get a really good steak, and I don't mean whale."

★ ★ ★

"But . . ."

"Must keep my strength up, you know, old man. I'm expecting to put my back into this Employers' Union that's been suggested."

"But . . . . why do you employers want a union?"

"Good heavens alive, old boy, don't you read the papers? To protect ourselves, of course."

"But . . ."

"You can't turn an honest penny nowadays without someone asking to be paid for overtime or something. Excess profits disappear before you can even put them down as personal expenses."

"But . . ."

"No, old boy, we must organize. Unity is strength! Look at the railways—they've organized to fight nationalization. They saw the signal set at danger. They got together. Their cry was: *Railways of the world unite . . . you have nothing to lose but your trains.*

"Eh? By gad, this is no joking matter, old boy. We employers must present a united front. One for all and all for us."

"But . . . what will you do when you're organized?"

"Insist on closed shops. Resist all demands. Litigate, don't arbitrate.

"If everything else fails, we may be forced to strike. Then where will the workers be with no one to work for?"

THE HUMAN MACHINE . . . . by ROFFE THOMPSON

Learn to argue

EVERYBODY LOVES a good argument. There is something very stimulating about a clash of wits, the cut and thrust of verbal warfare, the exchange of knowledge and ideas.

At the same time the enjoyment of debate depends on how the debate is conducted. Good argument must never be angry. Good debate must never become personal abuse. And if the only use you have for argument is to try to bludgeon your opponent into accepting everything you say, then you had better keep silent.

Good argument is based on reason and persuasion, not on ultimatum. "In proportion as we love truth," wrote Herbert Spencer, "we shall be anxious to know what it is that leads our opponents to think as they do . . . and we shall aim to supplement that portion of the truth discovered by us with the portion discovered by them."

The end of every argument should be the pooling of whatever bits of knowledge and whatever bits of truth both parties to the discussion possess. Unless you start off with that idea, you are not having an argument—you are merely having a row.

betting 100 to 6. Gosh, if it were true it was just *the* thing, the answer to his prayers.

He looked at Fred. He couldn't understand this sudden warmth of friendship, and a quick doubt assailed him. Could he trust him? Was it—'strewth—he took another hasty glance at his racing paper, at the runners for the race.

'Strewth—was that it? Blimey, that *was* it, he felt sure he was right. It was a trick, a frame-up rigged by Joe Bartlett.

"Fred, you're a real pal, blow me if you ain't." He slapped Fred so heartily that the latter fell off his stool. "I'm goin' straight down to Tich Little's t' give him me tip for today. See you tonight in the 'Barley Mow'—and, blimey, ain't Joe Bartlett goin' to get a surprise."

Tich Little jumped up from his chair as Sam hurried in. "Cor, Sam, about time you showed up. Me shop's bin a bloomin' parade ground all mornin', with the blokes wot 'ave bin askin' f' yer tip. 'Ave y' got it, Sam?"

"There you are, Tich, me boyo," he cheerfully bawled. "Dish these envelopes out to me clients—an' watch the result. There won't half be a scream comin' from that Joe Bartlett tonight. See you in the 'Barley Mow.' Drinks'll be on me."

The drinks *were* on Sam—"Straight Sam, the Bookie Buster," as he boasted to his gathering of adulatory patrons. In the midst of the toasting and noise the door of the "Barley Mow" opened.

"Hey, Sam, 'ere comes Joe Bartlett." Sam turned round and roared a welcome.

"Good old Joe Bartlett. Come on in, me old pal—you come t' pay me a hundred quid, haven't you, Joe?" and his sally brought roars from the crowd. Joe's face bore a strained expression.

"Yers—I keeps me word," he retorted. "Here's y' cash, a 'undred quid. But before I pays you, I wants t' know one thing from you, m'lad."

"Well, speak up, me man," Sam grinned cheerfully at his enemy's rancour. "What is it you wants t' know?"

"Just how you got on to Teacup f' the three o'clock race?"

SAM chuckled. "Sure you would. Well, Joe Bartlett, it was this way." He paused for effect and to ensure complete silence from the gathering.

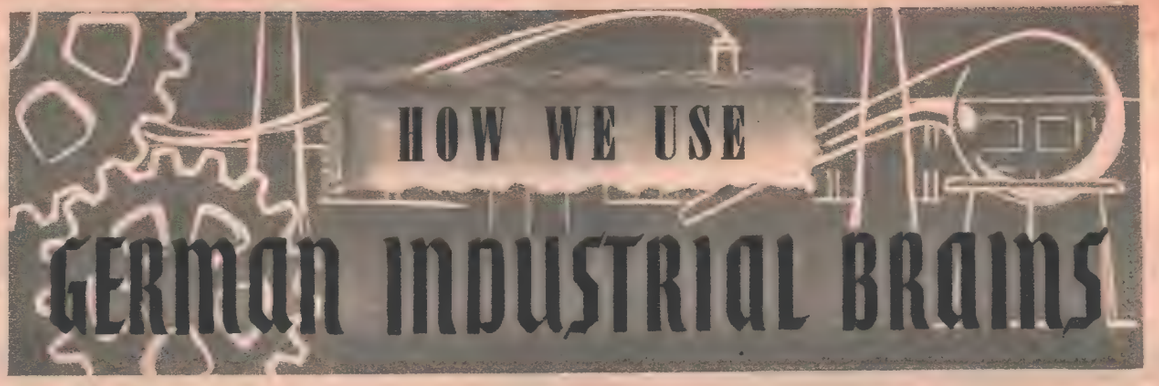
"A certain stool-pigeon tried to pull a fast one on yours truly, Sam. This pigeon cooed t' me that an 'orse named Material was goin' t' win the three o'clock. Sam used his loaf . . ." tapping his forehead to emphasize the fact.

"Cos why? Cos I knows, Joe Bartlett, that a certain bookie not a mile away from where I stands takes bets from jockeys, which is strictly against rules o' racin'.

"An' I *also* knows that Material is in Walford's stable an' that a certain jockey what bets with the aforesaid low, law-breakin' bookie"—Joe's red face turned puce—"rides for Walford's stable. Now it seemed to me, Mr. Clever Bartlett, that the 'forementioned stool-pigeon what whispered the name o' Material t' me might have done so just because he *knowed* that Material *wouldn't* win. Because that jockey had tipped off a dirty minded bookie that Walford's other runner was a ab-so-lute cert. But I'm fly, so I works it all out in me napper and sees the trick. What does I do? *I tips 'em Walford's other runner, Teacup . . .* won by a length at 100 to 8."

A loud cheer greeted his declamation.

"So, Mr. Joe Bartlett, I'll trouble you f' that hundred quid! An' now, gents, one an' all, the drinks is on me—Straight Sam, the Bookie Buster, the bloke who gave you Battle Boy and Teacup, what smashers . . . another like 'em tomorr——" Sam hastily halted himself. "Another like them *soon*."



HOW WE USE GERMAN INDUSTRIAL BRAINS

Ersatz processes uncovered in Germany by teams of experts have been yielding secrets useful to British makers

"WHAT ARE WE GETTING out of Germany, anyway?" asks the man in the pub.

One of the more accurate replies his friend could give him would be: "The process of Phenolic moulding composition, phenol-formaldehyde, sawdust filling," and they could then take another gulp at their beer.

Translated, this ugly sentence means that a party of British scientists and industrialists have made a report on one of Germany's new plastic processes. They have spent months investigating the Dynamit A-G factory at Cologne, which is one of the largest explosives and synthetic plants in the world. It was made only ten-per-cent useless by bombing and it has proved a rich field of investigation.

Apart from the scientific knowledge they gathered, they saw how plastic furniture was being made, saw roof plates for houses produced from paper and waste fabric, and travelling trunks from rolled cotton waste.

And, for the special interest of the two men in the pub, there was a plastic process for producing collars that need only a quick rub with a damp cloth to be stark white again.

These processes are no longer secret or heavily patented, for details are being published by H.M. Stationery Office at a price of about five shillings.

It will be the nine hundred and fortieth similar report, presenting the industrial brains and skill of Germany's chemists for all to read.

Bound by Secrecy

We began picking the brains of Germany's industry even before the war in Europe had ended. Teams of experts followed closely on the heels of our invading armies to report on arms production by Germans in France, Belgium and Holland.

The technical experts are put into uniform and bound by the Official Secrets Act. All the information they collect is strictly secret until the report is presented to the Board of Trade, German Division, or the Ministry directly concerned, and then published.

This was done to prevent large industrial concerns having an unfair advantage over smaller businesses.

It would have been easy, as it was at the end of the first World War, for large companies to snatch this knowledge for their own use. Now even drawings and blueprints are reproduced and can be bought from the Stationery Office.

During the war Germany boasted of many secret processes which her scientists said would break the effectiveness of the blockade. In some industries, such as chemicals, plastics and synthetic materials, they were partly justified.

In others—engineering, for instance—our experts find little to learn. But the Germans' ingenious use of every scrap of material will be most useful to our industry, for they wasted nothing.

The vast I. G. Farben industries, with their factories scattered throughout Germany, have yielded a great deal of information, particularly in plastics and synthetic materials. The investigating scientists report at length on the many ingenious products, including high-grade aeroplane spirit and fine silky dress fabrics, which were produced from wood by a factory in the north.

The same Alice in Wonderland processes go on with paper and rags. If you want paper they can make it from rags and if you want materials they can make them from paper.

It was to be expected that such a highly-organized synthetic industry would tinker with life itself. Apart from interesting data on the human brain it does not seem that they got very far towards reproducing it synthetically.

They have, however, produced synthetic blood plasma—though one would have thought they had enough to waste—and synthetic hormones.

As well as a mass of valuable scientific information there are one or two homely products.

The hosiery trade have sent out a number of investigating teams, and in the factory of Ernst Saupe, Saxony, they saw a ladderless, waterproof, tear-proof stocking produced on excellent new machinery. Most of the best machinery for making fine, fully-fashioned stockings in this country was imported from Germany before the war.

The new and improved machines are now being examined in detail for our own industry.

Transparent velvet, new imitation suede fabrics for gloves, and tweed from sawdust are among the ersatz fabrics found. But the strangest factory of all was one which seemed to be producing extremely strong and attractive handbags, belts and shoes from a peculiar reptile skin.

Nothing was going into the factory except large fish. The team found that the Germans had discovered a method of curing fish skin which turned it into a useful leather-like material.

Some of the information is not new to our scientists, but industry is finding the production methods worth studying. Naturally soap substitutes are of particular interest to us and are well advanced in Germany.

One of the most successful is made from brown and low-grade coal.

There are bricks made from the sawdust of coniferous trees, unbreakable synthetic glass for windows and domestic use, and warm linings for rooms made from all manner of waste. We found light rayon fabrics that are waterproof, will not crease or shrink or tear. These fabrics have the quality of pure silk. But Britain is mainly interested in the machines that produce these materials and there is a special report on a German machine that can re-weave rags and shoddy back into attractive and strong materials.

On the whole the Germans are co-operative, for they know their factories are under close supervision and their patents are invalid.

The British share their information with teams in the U.S. and French sectors, but have no liaison or exchange of information with the Russians.

A False Hare

Rumour of some new invention often leads the teams astray. Recently they heard of a miniature typewriter made entirely of plastic materials and produced at a cost of about thirty-five shillings. Intelligence got to work.

The trail led back to a talk in the Savoy Hotel and finally to a don at Oxford who had mentioned seeing plastic cases on typewriters—nothing new or sensational.

The reports touch on such humble things as the production of safety-pins, hair-grips and mouth-organs. At the moment the British toy industry has a special team out investigating the factories.

We naturally expected to find the Germans well forward in camera and lens production. There is a factory producing binoculars that can be used for night seeing and they also have unbreakable lenses for spectacles.

But it is in colour photography that they have much to offer. The present standard of Technicolor films will be greatly improved by the report from the Agfa factory on colour photography.

They have a film which develops colour in practically the same way as black and white and the grading of the colour is much more gentle than Hollywood's rainbow.

It seems that Germany had everything except the real thing, but with inventive chemists and ingenious industrialists they were able to produce some very good imitations.

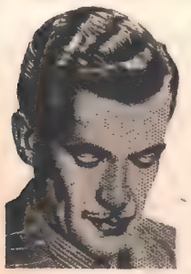
Very shortly, representatives of the cosmetics industry are going out to see what the Germans achieved in the way of synthetic beauty and also to trace that eternal rumour of a permanent wave that *is* permanent.

All this vast knowledge and inventiveness, all Germany's secret devices and industrial cunning, are now on sale for prices ranging from sixpence to eighteen shillings.

That, at least, is something we have got from them.

JAMES MARCH

A handsome head of hair may be ruined through DRY SCALP



Tame unruly hair and keep it healthy with this Tonic Dressing

You can be proud of well-dressed hair—but Dry Scalp makes it dull and lifeless. Scurf, dandruff, and loose hair are first signs! The natural healthy gloss of a handsome head can be yours by daily rubbing a few drops of 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic gently into your scalp. A tonic and dressing in one. Price 2/7½ and 4/4½ (inc. tax). Demand is so great, we regret you may still have some difficulty in buying. But we are doing everything possible to increase supplies.

TRADE **Vaseline** MARK HAIR TONIC

BRAND

P.S. Don't forget to use 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo: 5d. a packet (inc. Purchase Tax)

1156-13 *Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.*

Portrait of a Shareholder

Yes, this lady is one of the nine million British Co-operators who are equal shareholders in the world's largest trading organization. Each member has an equal right to elect committees of management in their local Co-operative Society and these Societies are, in their turn, the owners of the 200 factories and warehouses of the Co-operative Wholesale Society. By manufacturing their own goods; by bulk trading; by sharing surplus profits among the shareholders, the Co-operative Society provides a better article that is cheaper. Why not join us?

Issued by the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

There's a quota of L'Onglex

LIQUID NAIL POLISH

NOW . . .

★ **L'Onglex *liquid* nail polish is back in the shops again—on a limited quota. There will, however, be more liquid L'Onglex later on, as raw materials become more freely available.**

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

THE TOP SAWYER

He was an important personage in the England of bygone days when journeymen sawyers travelled around plying their craft. The more experienced sawyer sat astride the log, merrily sawing away, while the unfortunate under-sawyer was in the pit below getting his eyes full of sawdust for half the wages! Doubtless when the day's work was done, differences of position were forgotten, and they both retired to the local inn to wash away the sawdust with good English ale and jovial company. In recent years the expression "Top Sawyer" has become Norfolk slang for the best man at his job or "Top dog". But the English inn will ever remain the place where all men meet on an equal footing, and comradeship flourishes.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

'Mars ARE MARVELLOUS"

They certainly are! Just chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish.

3d.

MARS CONFECTIONS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

It's good to see a Smile

if it's an Odol Smile, a smile that's graced by lovely teeth. Treasure them! Take no chances; use Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely safe, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Keep the winning

Odol *Smile!*

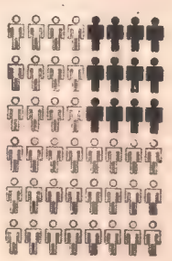
TOOTH-PASTE 1/3
SOLID DENTIFRICE 1/3 & 9d.
TOOTH POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
DENTURE POWDER 10½d. & 6d.
All prices inc. Purchase Tax

Kangol

UTILITY

TEMPORARILY TAKING THE PLACE OF THE FAMOUS *Anglobasque* BERET

Note these Facts



A recent medical test of an industrial group proved that **Colds and 'Flu were the greatest individual time-losers, causing nearly one quarter of total absenteeism.** Colds and 'Flu can be relieved safely and speedily by taking two tablets of 'Genasprin' in a little water—*so can*

NEURITIS, RHEUMATIC PAIN SLEEPLESSNESS, TOOTHACHE AND HEADACHE.

Supplies are limited but your chemist will see you get *your* share.

Prices 1/5d. and 2/9d.

At any time of strain or pain

'Genasprin' *sees you through!*

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leics.

10A

BRITISH WINES WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" THEM

For over 50 years the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality. When purchasing Whiteway's Port-Style Wines and British Sherry you can be sure that, from the time the Grapes are gathered in the Vineyards of the "Sunny South" until the Wine has reached the final stage of blending and maturing at our Winery in "Glorious Devon," the greatest care has been taken in every process of production.

The 'Whiteway' Brand British Wines are sold under the Certificate of the Royal Institute of Public Health and Hygiene.

CWS-87

PER-FIG-LY DELICIOUS!

Once again in 1lb. Drums

BATGER'S

'CHINESE' FIGS

Instead of being in some shops some of the time, the time is getting nearer when they will be in most shops most of the time. Meantime, they're short we're afraid but still being made.

She's glad she kept her complexion young and lovely with **Eve Toilet Soap**

3½d per tablet (including purchase tax)

EVE 190-943

Selling Agents: CROSFIELD, WATSON & GOSSAGE LTD., WARRINGTON

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

They may die if they wait

IS IT NOT TIME the public was made aware of the true situation regarding tuberculosis in this country? I am in urgent need of sanatorium treatment, having contracted T.B. of both lungs. I have already waited three months, and a letter from County Hall now tells me I am just one on a long waiting list.

How long? How long? Recently a soldier died of consumption while he waited. I demand in the name of humanity that immediate steps be taken to let the public know what is going on and that every priority be given to the recruitment of nurses.—R. D. NORTH, Bloomfield Road, Plumstead, London, S.E.18.

*** Official estimate is that about 5,000 T.B. cases are on waiting lists for sanatorium treatment. Problem is not only shortage of beds, but of hospital nursing and domestic staffs. In Wales, for instance, it is estimated that a sixth of the beds are vacant owing to staff shortages. T.B. patients under treatment in England and Wales at the end of 1945 numbered 236,000, an increase of 10,268 in twelve months.

How to Bring up——

MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN about the naughtiness of children. May I offer a suggestion which I—as a mere teacher—find gets far nearer a solution than many other forms of attack?

Treat your children, as soon as ever you can like miniature adults. Ask their opinions and find out how they would tackle little problems. If you do, you are treated with far more respect and your children will grow into useful citizens. — MRS. C. GLYN-JONES, 5 Grosvenor Road, Broadstairs.

——Your Children

WE FOUND OUR THREE CHILDREN were beginning to take all we did for them for granted. They expected too much for nothing. To make them appreciate the value of money, we have drawn up a list of various jobs they must do each week for their pocket money. They now cheerfully get their earnings as a right.—NEAL GREGORY, 79 Crumpsall Street, Bolton, Lancs.

Forgotten Army

IN FRANCE IN 1940 our major allowed us to have our photographs taken. But we had to make a quick move and the photos had to be left behind. The major got his liaison officer to post them to his father in Paris. In all the excitement that followed we forgot all about the photos. Ultimately we were taken prisoner.

This week I received my photos from the major himself.

The liaison officer's father had died leaving them in a drawer where they remained undisturbed throughout the occupation.—J. H., Corstorphine, Edinburgh, 12.

Busy in Bed

YOUR READER, Mrs. Doris Entwistle, of Hove, who asked for suggestions for a hobby for an invalid, should try her hand at making lampshades. Made from plastic acetate sheet and decorated with original designs in coloured spirit lacquers, these things find a fair demand in the shops.

Firescreens, blotters, bookmarks, plastic bracelets and hand-painted mugs, trays and mats can be made by anyone with reasonable skill and the patience to stick to the job. Occupational therapy of this kind is widely used in hospitals to combat depression.—DISABLED EX-SERVICEMAN, Stratford St. Andrew, Suffolk.

*** Mrs. Entwistle reports that her letter to JOHN BULL has brought her very many suggestions from readers all over the country. She asks us to send her heartfelt thanks for their kindness.

The Nearer the Bone . . .

MY MEAT RATION, 14 oz. of mutton chops, looked more bony than usual. After we had eaten all the meat we could find, I weighed the bones out of curiosity. They weighed 10¼ oz.—MRS. C. H. C. (Name and address enclosed).

Cup of Kindness

IT WAS WASH DAY and I decided to make myself a well-earned cup of tea. Then I found I had no more coppers for the gas. At that moment a tramp knocked

"We enjoyed our tea"

to ask if I would oblige him with a cup of tea. I told him the circumstances. He produced three pennies and we both enjoyed our drink.—B. E. TOOZE, 6 Olands Road, Wellington, Somerset.

Lucky Jack, Poor Tommy

THOUGH IT HAS BEEN an accepted fact that fair treatment shall prevai. among all who have served or who are serving in the Forces the fact remains that a week or two ago Navy group 55 was being demobilized while the Army was still dabbling round Group 40.

That means that lads conscripted together will, if they joined the Navy, get out at least eight months before those who went into the Army. The whole position is iniquitous and a thorough inquiry should be made so that the matter can be cleared up.—S. FOSTER, J.P., M.B.E., 5 Westgate, Grantham.

Nursery Music?

I SWITCHED ON THE RADIO during Children's Hour the other day and was amazed to hear what might have been a Promenade Concert—Beethoven or Bach, or both. I wondered how many children would be listening.

There must be something seriously wrong at Broadcasting House if they think that red-blooded children really enjoy this sort of thing.—B. STANSFELD, 31 Longley Lane, Longley, Huddersfield.

Advice from New York

ANENT THESE JOHN BULLS we are now getting regularly. The "Private View" articles are great. Herbert Hodge on "Temperament Takes the Road" was dandy. Guess his true statements about catty drivers will bring the brickbats.

Personally, I think there is only one way to stop the speed demon (aren't we all?) and that is to put bumps in the road to give the seventy-mile-an-hour-plus a shaking to shake the madness out. —HAROLD SHEPHERD, 49 Hillcrest Avenue, Albany 3, N.Y., U.S.A.

Tea Shop Mystery

WHEN I WAS LUNCHING in a "help yourself" cafe the other day I was amazed to see a young woman take a tray and carefully by-pass all the dishes till she came to the bread. She seized a large hunk, paid for it and went to sit down. After waiting a decent interval she put the bread in her handbag and walked out.

Most people agree that the bread rationing is ample, so it is surprising that anyone should have to resort to this method of getting a bit of bread.—S. D. BRIGGS, 29 Bedford Road, Hitchin, Herts.

Rudeness Comes to Stay?

THE BAD MANNERS of our shopkeepers are supposed to be due to war-time difficulties. I wonder if lazy indifference is not the real cause.

I have just returned from France where, in spite of bombing and occupation, I found the sort of courtesy we used to get over here before the war.

In one shop in Paris, where I went to get a hat, I was shown at least eighteen models without caring particularly for any of them. When I apologized to the assistant, she was sweet and explained she was there to try to suit customers. I wonder, is British rudeness going to prove permanent?—C. E. B., London, N.W.3.

Home Guard for the Aged?

I HAVE JUST READ of an elderly woman who lay dying for four days before she was discovered. Often we hear of old people living alone who die through inattention.

I have cudgelled my brains to find a solution to the problem of looking after elderly folks. It is difficult but I think something must be done. In war-time we had a firewatching rota under which an eye was kept on empty buildings and in some districts a similar system has been retained to guard against burglary. Could not something on these lines be organized for the care of lonely old men and women?—Mrs. E. BLATCH, 191 Cross Lane, Huddersfield.

In Conference

A SHORT TIME AGO I had to pay a business call at a house in rather a doubtful district of a small Kent town.

"They're having a row"

At the front door I could hear voices in high altercation coming from a back room.

I knocked three times and was about to give up when a small boy appeared and explained politely. "Do you mind waiting a few minutes, mister," he asked, "Mum and Dad are just having a row." —N. HILTON, Post Office, Pluckley, Kent.

That Yankee Slanguage

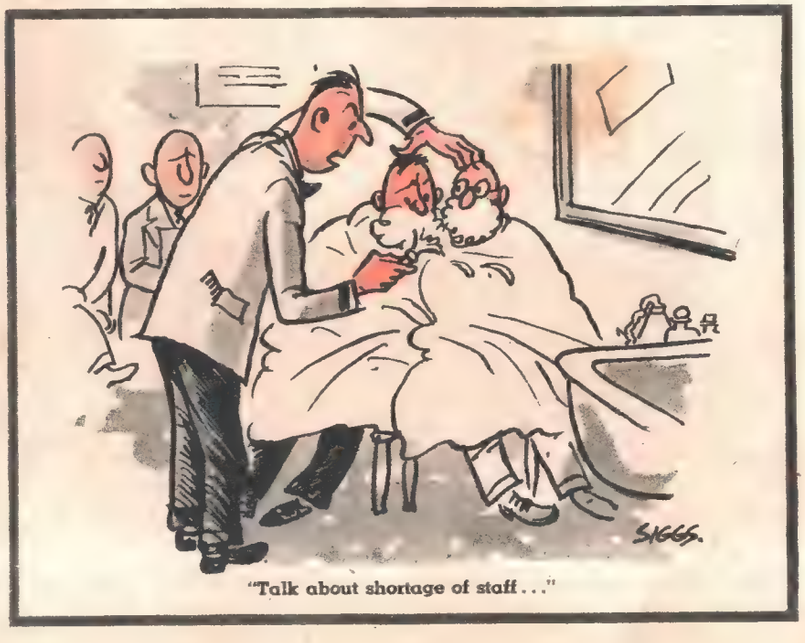
WHEN I CAUGHT MY BUS this morning the conductor said something about my sure being in a hurry. As I walked to the office I heard a railway delivery man asking a youth where the big shot was.

This evening I have been scared to listen to the wireless because the bleatings of Americanized crooners make my hair stand on end. To hear the psuedo-Kelvinside-cum-Glaswegian Noo Yoick accent is more than I can bear. What is wrong with English?—J. A. PAYNE, Tayside West Ferry, Angus, Scotland.

Illegitimate Parents

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY is no time for harbouring Victorian prejudices and narrow-mindedness. Why, then, do we

Continued on next page, column 4



"Talk about shortage of staff . . ."

Chelsea scored £300 for him!

IT is good that village footballers should be as keen as they are; but sometimes, thinking of how football CAN be played, one cannot resist a chuckle at their diminishing confidence and stamina towards the end of the game.

Now see the very same thought expressed in a bright *Bullet*: Our Village Team—Chelsea's "Air"—Pensioners' "Wind"! That effort scored £300 First Prize for "Bulleteer" D. Ince, 48 Harrison Road, Chorley, in our 1,549th Contest.

It is one of many a prize-winner based on sport or worded in sporting terms—further, it shows once again that a *Bullet* with a smile can be good enough to win a First.

As you will see from the latest list of chief winners on this page, there is scarcely a limit to the styles in which you can express your thoughts in prize *Bullets*. And today you have special reasons for trying your hand at this competition.

A magnificent array of Cash and Christmas dinners awaits senders of good *Bullets* this week. Enter the coupon from this page by Monday, November 18—and your reward may be the £500 First Prize cheque *and* a 12 lb. bird for your Christmas dinner.

HOW TO WIN £500 and CHRISTMAS BIRD

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual. This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITANNIA'S NEIGHBOURS
THIS CHRISTMAS
NOBODY WANTS WAR, SO
MAN'S PROGRESS
TO HELP BEVAN
FIRST AND LAST
IN TROUBLE
STOP WORRYING AND
HOME COMFORTS
TRUSTING TO LUCK
AUNT AUSTERITY
STRETCH OF IMAGINATION
PRETTY TOUGH
NICE PEOPLE
MISERABLE
LIKE A WILDERNESS
WHEN DAD WON
WALKING ON AIR
SETTLED THE ARGUMENT
WHAT THE OFFICIAL SAID

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

KEPT IN THE.....
HE'S ALMOST....., BUT SAVES.....
.....TO SONNY
WAY THE.....GOES
IF I HAD A.....

£500
"BULLETS"
1st PRIZE
Followed by
£50, £25
10 of £10
(All prizes above with 12lb Christmas Bird—Turkey or Goose as available)
100 XMAS HAMPERS
(Each containing Fowl, Plum Pudding, Cigarettes, etc etc.)
1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,555 (or Xword 507), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

"BULLETS" & XWORD RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated December 7, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD CASH and FOWLS

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 100 Christmas Fowls—one with each prize value 5s. and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, Nov. 18.

Across Clues.

1. In some cases they are left out and perish
3. You don't expect fast express to be held up by
5. Decoration of these is highly skilled work
7. Icy one may well send a chill through you
12. There are folk who find it harder to sleep through proximity of
13. New hand hates being at sea in one

Down Clues.

1. Attracts many who like a little excitement
2. It will be generally agreed it comes more readily in winter
4. One may have to run for it
6. Is apt to get on one's nerves
7. May eat up precious pasturage
8. One slight defect can make this stop
9. Can be made safe for children, if you know how
10. Sometimes weakens authority of government
11. Likely to be found in wood, if anywhere

RESULT OF "BULLETS" 1,551

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000
plus MILLIONAIRE'S WEEKEND

A. Lindsay, 237 Auchinairn Road, Bishopriggs, Glasgow:

HEAVEN-SENT OPPORTUNITY—PEACE-MAKERS MUSTN'T SEND "SKY-HIGH"!

SECOND PRIZE, £100: Miss P. Smith, 79 West Street, Oundle, Peterborough.
Miner's Pick — Swinging, Is Industry's "Pendulum."

THIRD PRIZE, £50: W. A. Fornead, 14 Second Row, Linton, Morpeth.
Busy Britannia—"Shaping"—Shipping—Soon, Shipshape.

FOURTH PRIZE, £25: Mrs. C. Prescott, 3 Spring Bank Terrace, Waterfall, Blackburn.
Hope Is Vital, So—Leave Germany *That* "Armament"!

10 PRIZES OF £10:

L. Bennett, 125 Heath Lane, Dartford. **Gets Grandpa's Goat — Old *Soldiering* Fading Away.**

W. Bertram, 29 New Holygate, Broxburn, W. Lothian. **Harassed Housewife—Still "Foot-slogging," *After* Victory.**

W. Elkington, 71 Woburn Road, Heath, Leighton Buzzard. **Returned The Queen—Elizabeth—Thanks, Mr. Molotov!**

R. D. Gordon, c/o Cosgrove, 44 Stratford Street, Glasgow, N.W. **Speed Is Vital, So—Official Omits *One* "H'm!"**

J. Knight, 28 Colwood Gardens, London, S.W.19. **Man In The Kremlin—Foxing Whilst Fixing "Fencing"?**

D. Lewis, 87 St. John Street, Ogmore Vale, Glam. **Another War—Suicide Of "Unsound *Mankind*."**

W. S. I. Mahon, 157 Bury Street, Ruislip. **Man In The Kremlin—Fitting *Europe* Into *Russia*?**

Mrs. V. McKinley, Limes Hotel, Preston Street, Faversham. **Harassed Housewife—"Simmers"—"Boils"—Never "Done."**

S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff. **Man In The Kremlin—"Squatter" Occupying *Bevin's* Mind.**

Mrs. M. Taylor, 19 Church Hill, Dodworth, near Barnsley. **Stiff Opposition—Useful—Labour's "Cutting Teeth."**

20 prizes of £5, 50 prizes of £1, 500 prizes of 2s. 6d., and 1,500 "Good Shot" prizes have been posted to winners.

XWORD 503 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Start. 3, Flat. 6, Wire. 9, Gaol. 13, Pearl. 14, Guile. DOWN: 1, Strong. 2, Rail. 4, Lively. 5, Beef. 7, Brake. 8, Tack. 10, Sheep. 11, Fort. 12, Pig.

EIGHT £100 SHARERS: I. P. Bell, Muckamore; Mrs. R. Gordon, Glasgow; W. P. Lawrence, Ystrad Mynach; Mrs. A. Marron, Belfast; F. Patefield, Padiham; H. Pawsey, London, S.W.13; F. Ramsbottom, Blackburn; S. H. Smith, Richmond. Winners above receive Fountain-pens in addition. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 83 entrants.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 30 **WITH LAST XMAS HAMPERS OFFER**

368

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,555** MON., NOV. 18

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No.....

Signed .....

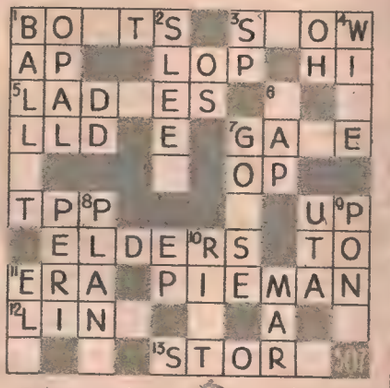
Address .....

.....

£100 CASH and FOWLS for this XWORD

How to Enter

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner — sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.



Entry-fee: Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending Square only with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

507 Closing Postmark, MON., NOV. 18, I enclose 6d. P.O.

No.....

look upon illegitimate children even now in the shocked manner of our grandparents? And why is it made so clear on birth certificates that a child is a bastard?

After all, it is not the child's fault. And, in point of fact, the child is not illegitimate. It is born legally as a human being. The people who are illegitimate in the case of a child born out of wedlock are the parents. If anyone should bear the stigma of bastardy, they should.—K. S. W., Halton Moor, Leeds.

Reason for Divorce

I AM IN PROCESS OF GETTING a divorce for no other reason than that I cannot get a place to live in. I have been married eight years and have a five-and-a-half-year-old child.

My wife lives with her parents in the country. I will not live with them and so we have drifted apart. But I know that if I could get a cottage, a place of our own, I could kill this divorce. I am still in love with my wife.

I am due out of the Army next February. We have furniture, if only we could get a house to put it into. If we could, another tragedy would be averted. —SERGEANT (C.M.P.), B.A.O.R.

It's Draughty Backstage

RECENTLY I WENT BACKSTAGE at a theatre and was shocked to see the rickety iron staircases, cobwebs and dirty whitewashed walls. An icy wind was blowing down the corridors and the dressing-rooms were ill-lighted. I was told the scene was typical. Most other people in shops and factories complain readily enough about their working conditions. Why do we hear nothing from the stage folk?—S. S., Boulevard Avenue, Grimsby.

Fifteen Guinea "Bait"

A FRIEND OF MINE, recently demobilized from the ATS, badly wanted a pair of shoes. At one shop she was told she could not buy the ones she wanted because she was not wearing shoes made by the firm.

At another shop she was delighted to see a pair that suited her perfectly. But she could not have them unless she bought a handbag. The handbag was priced at fifteen guineas.—Mrs. J. W. VARLEY, 41 Westmoreland Street, Skipton, Yorks.

The Great Unknown

YOUR READER'S MENTION of the Post Office, tracking down Edinburgh from a doubtful address reminds me of two glaring instances of ignorance in England of Scottish geography.

As a Government employee, I was seriously asked to represent a Ministry at Inverness, Aberdeen and Edinburgh—all in the same afternoon. On another occasion, I sent in a fairly heavy bill for the transport of certain commodities to the Island of Lewis. I was asked why I had used road haulage and not the railway. I explained that I did not want to wait till they built the railway.—J. R. P. (Name and address enclosed.)

Naval Persuasion

WE ARE HEARING A GREAT DEAL about the disappointing results of the recruiting campaigns. Perhaps modern propaganda technique is not so good as we think. What about this—part of a notice displayed in Hull about 150 years ago . . .

"WANTED—a few able-bodied men to serve in H.M. Navy during the present war only. The volunteers will have a bountiful supply of CLOTHING, BEEF, GROG, FLIP, and STRONG BEER, also a certainty of prize money and, in consequence will return loaded with dollars and honour, to spend their days in peace and plenty."

Pretty good? But still they needed the press gangs.—M. G. N., Jesmond Road, Cottingham, Hull.

"Those new boots gave me a frightful heel, really nasty it was. Oh, I got some Dettol Ointment,* my family swear by it—so do I now."

Dettol Ointment is strongly recommended for the treatment of septic conditions of the skin which require a soothing, healing antiseptic cream.

"WHAT'S THAT?"

—you'll feed me on CHAPPIE whenever you can?

You know how much your dog's fitness, and consequently his spirits, depend on his diet. So give him Chappie whenever you can. It's his meat diet balanced to the best advantage.

1/- a tin

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

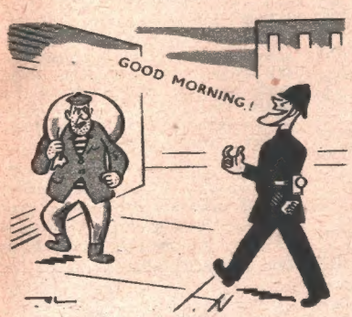
NON-THROAT CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

MARTINS of Piccadilly

GOLD LEAF CIGARETTES

COOL AND SATISFYING



'Good Mornings' begin with Gillette

Sykes hoped to sneak home with his big bag of booty, but Bob—a Gillette man—was early on duty!

Blue Gillette Blades **2/6** for **10** including Purchase Tax

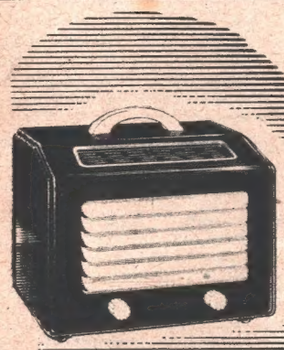
'V.P. —very good, Sir'

V.P. POINT BRAND wines

Ask for

V.P. RICH RUBY
V.P. SWEET WHITE
V.P. BRITISH SHERRY
} 6/6

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD., KINGSTON, SURREY



THE **REAL** THING

Here is radio with a background of continuing progress since the days of the great inventor whose name it so proudly bears. No wonder that in expert radio circles it is known and recognised as "the REAL THING".

Keep in touch with your Dealer for details of post-war models.

MARCONI

THE MARCONIPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

PARKER'S Dutch Bulbs

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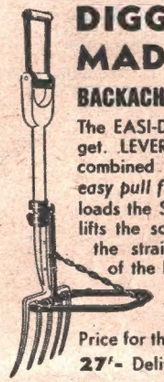

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Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Too Far from Home

"WHILE SERVING in the ATS, my daughter was away from home for nearly four years. After her demob leave, she received unemployment benefit for four weeks, and was then offered two jobs, which she refused, because they were too far from her home. Her unemployment pay has now been suspended. What action should she take?"

▸▸ Your daughter should tell the employment exchange that she wishes to appeal to the local Court of Referees. In order to succeed she will have to show good cause for refusing the employment offered. It would assist her if she has definite hopes of obtaining early local employment.

Altered Will

"THERE WERE CERTAIN names crossed out in my brother's will. Does this make the will illegal?"

▸▸ The crossing out of the words does not invalidate the whole will. If your brother did not sign the alterations and if you cannot prove that it was done before the will was signed, the alterations should be ignored. But if it is impossible to determine the names crossed out the will should be proved with the words left blank.

Reduced Benefit

"IN 1943 I CONTRACTED T.B. and received health benefit at the full rate for six months, and thereafter 12s. 3d. per week disablement benefit. After treatment I resumed work, but twelve months later I went sick again with the same trouble. I had fifty-two stamps on my card, and was paid 12s. 3d. disablement benefit. Was this correct?"

▸▸ If there was a period of at least twelve months between your two illnesses, full sickness benefit would appear to be allowable. You should raise the matter with the head office of your approved society.

Blood Relations

"SOME MONTHS AGO I lost my father, which left my younger stepsister and stepbrother and myself orphans. Am I now the guardian of these two children, aged nineteen and thirteen? Could they be adopted without my consent?"

▸▸ If you have no blood relationship to your stepsister and stepbrother, you do not appear to be their legal guardian and your consent would not be necessary for an adoption order.

Right to Inspect

"HAS THE OWNER of a house, which has been let, a right to inspect it once a year? My tenants have complained about my visit, but I wanted to see how the house was being treated before I paid for repairs."

▸▸ You have no right to enter the premises without your tenants' permission unless there is a clause in the agreement giving you the right to inspect the state of repair.

Utility Blankets?

"SIX MONTHS AGO I handed over utility dockets for four blankets at 35s. 6d. each. The firm has now supplied them—white blankets of pretty good quality, but with huge black markings (G.R.1944) on them. We feel that we have been sold a pup. Are these really utility blankets?"

▸▸ You have been supplied with some of the surplus Government stock to avoid delay, and it is possible that you have a better, if less attractive, article. National price-controlled blankets include a large number which are grey or brown. Docket holders cannot insist on a particular type.

Will Claim

"MY MOTHER made no will. She had furniture and household goods to the value of £140, and my stepfather has taken them with him. In the event of his death can I claim a part-share of the furniture? Could my stepfather's brother claim it?"

▸▸ As your mother died intestate, your stepfather would take all the estate, provided it is not valued at over £1,000. No one else would have any claim at all.

Rent Goes Up

"I AM A WIDOW living in a council house, and have just been informed that my rent is to be raised. The house has not been improved in any way and no repairs have been done. Is it legal to raise the rent in such circumstances?"

▸▸ You are not protected by the Rent Restriction Act, and the council can increase your rent if they consider that the rent value of the house has increased.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 16

CURRENT AFFAIRS. (1) Cyprus; (2) Vice-President, Secretary of Commerce, the *New* Republic; (3) The United Nations General Assembly is meeting; (4) He has excommunicated them; (5) Aneurin Bevan, Health, and George Tomlinson, Works.

ANIMALS. (1) They are same width as their bodies and guide cats through openings while eyes are fixed on prey; (2) Foal is newly born horse, colt is young male horse, filly is young female horse, stallion is uncastrated male horse, mare is grown female horse; (3) Civet, the perfume is in a pouch below its tail; (4) Both legs on one side move forward together; (5) They cannot smell.

QUOTATIONS. (1) Mme de Pompadour, the coming French Revolution; (2) Mark Twain; (3) Goering; (4) Oscar Wilde, *Lady Windermere's Fan;* (5) Shelley, "Ode to a Skylark."

FOOTBALL. (1) Stoke (Matthews); (2) Tottenham, West Bromwich, Derby; (3) Because it had no rules, unlimited number a side, and was an excuse for a riot; (4) William Webb Ellis, a pupil at Rugby School, picked up the ball during a game of football, ran with it, and the game was born; (5) If you drop the ball, let it bounce and then kick it, that's a drop-kick; if you kick it before it reaches the ground it's a punt.

FOOD. (1) Fattened goose liver; (2) An iron implement, heated to brown pastry; canvas cloth for straining soup; moulds for meat and puddings; (3) Buns, artichokes, tea cakes; (4) Slow cooking, fuel-saving method of preparing hot meals in box stuffed with hay; (5) Dark purple, red, black.

ROAD SAFETY. (1) Right, facing the traffic; (2) Turning left when the traffic is stopped; (3) Because your lights might mislead others; (4) "I am stopping"; (5) Stop, look right, left, and right again.

AUTHORS. (1) *David Copperfield*; (2) American, Indian, Czech; (3) They are all living playwrights; (4) Robert Lynd, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; (5) Thomas Paine.

MOVIES. (1) Australia, Switzerland, Mexico; (2) A producer is responsible for every aspect of a film. He chooses story and stars, controls the organization and often provides the money. A director interprets the script and directs the actors on the set; (3) William Walton, Arthur Bliss; (4) The telephone; (5) A way of changing a scene by the action of an imaginary windscreen wiper across the screen.

OBSERVATION. Go and look!

THE EMPIRE. (1) British Guiana; (2) Ascension, St. Helena, Tristan da Cunha; (3) New South Wales, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, Northern Territory, Australian Capital Territory; Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Hobart, Melbourne, Perth, Darwin, Canberra; (4) It was named on Christmas Day—Christ's natal day; (5) Newfoundland.

STATUES. (1) Outside Broadcasting House—group by Eric Gill; (2) Landseer, Trafalgar Square lion; (3) Some said the horse in this Whitehall statue of Field Marshal Earl Haig was unrealistic; (4) Abraham Lincoln, Parliament Square; (5) "Rima"—Epstein's W. H. Hudson Memorial, Hyde Park.

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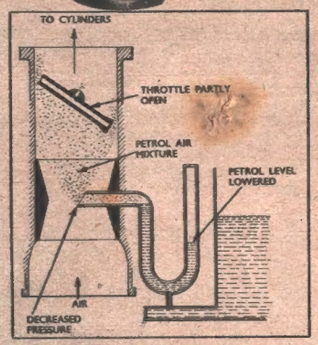

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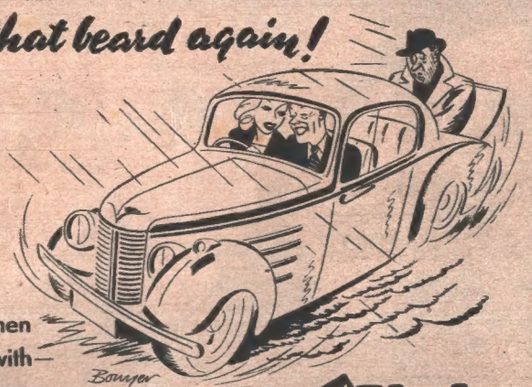

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